SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 16.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

In the sunlight sat my darling,
At the closing of the day;
When the shadows closely gathered,
As I homeward took my way.
On her wavy tresses golden
Fell the clear rays of the sun,
When the hours of work were over,
And the day was almost done.

I was rough and brown with labor;
She was stylish, fair and sweet—
Dainty hands and disciplined features,
Nodding lips and tiny feet.
Could she love me? Could I ask her!
Ah, indeed, my heaven was won,
As she took me sit beside her—
Oh, my darling—in the sun.

Years have passed, and still I love her;
Still she watches for my coming
Through the shadows down the street,
When I leave my home onward,
Far beyond this earthly shore,
With my darling in the sunlight
I shall sit for ever more.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY P. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

At this hour the victim of Monsieur Casino's premeditated vengeance was lying on a sofa in her father's room, listlessly gazing out into the hazy Autumn day. Not that the beauty of the day or the soft murmur of the river had any attractions for her now—all those had lost their charm—she was looking out from mere force of habit, while she tried to form some definite plan for the future. The fever, bitter agony she had suffered all that long night, after seeing Harry Delmont, had passed or rather merged into a hopeless apathy, which though silent is more touching than the most violent sorrow. Mr. Venner had drawn his easy chair to her side, and sat watching her with anxious solicitude.

"You are looking better this afternoon, little one," he said, tenderly stroking back her hair, "you will be quite well in a day or two, I think."

"I hope so," she responded, without looking up. "I am feeling stronger to-day, which is some encouragement, as Mr. Blake's little fortune is stranded from the effect." I am anxious for my magazine, and I am looking for a letter from New York."

"She will let us know when she comes. She has not had time yet. Then you are looking for a letter from New York?" he asked, watching her intently.

Ada looked out of the window again and answered in the affirmative.

"And the letter will bring you much happiness, I suppose?" he asked again.

"I hope so," she answered, still looking away from him.

Mr. Venner was thoughtful for some time.

"You have said so little to me about your New York knight, that I hardly imagine what he is like," he said half banteringly, when he spoke again. "Is it because you mean to surprise me with him ere long?"

She did not answer him. She only looked out more intently into the hazy Autumn day.

"Something is troubling you, my child," said Mr. Venner quickly, and in a tone that told that this trouble had suddenly dawned upon him. "Do you fear that I shall not be able to give you a wardrobe fitting for the bride of Monsieur Casino? I know that young girls set great store by those things. You need give yourself no uneasiness, however. My only daughter shall not be ashamed of her bridal trousseau."

"That has never troubled me, papa," she replied, toying with the rings on her fingers. "Aside from this letter that I am expecting, there is nothing that really troubles me, unless I am ever again to see strong again."

"You will soon be well again," he said encouragingly. "The doctor says I may resume my business in a week, and I shall be greatly disjointed if you are not able to walk to the office with me."

During their conversation she had shown no animation whatever. But now she sprang up with eyes sparkling with interest.

"May I go to the office, papa? Will you let me take my old place again? Mr. Williams says the office is overrun with work. You will need two, you say. Do say that I may go, and I shall grow strong at once."

"You shall go if you wish. You always have your own way, you know," he said, caressingly. "But you must not talk any more now. Your face is flushed as it is with fever. Compose yourself and go to sleep, can't you?"

"I never sleep in the day time, papa. Do not alarm yourself about me, however. I have no fever. A breath of fresh air will soon drive the unnatural flush from my face. Do you know that you have not lain down since you dressed this morning? I have been lying down all day, and need exercise. So I will walk out, and leave you to enjoy a good, long nap."

She left the room with the intention of walking out into the garden. At the door she met a boy, who gave him a brimless hat, and asked for Mr. Venner.

"He is in his private office," she said.

"I am," Ada replied. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes 'um," holding a letter toward her, "and I am to wait for an answer."

"Very well," she said. "Come in and be seated. I shall not detain you long."

She had not noticed the superscription particularly, and seating herself on the sofa without looking at it again, she tore open the envelope. Before she had read three lines her hands fell powerless in her lap; she was unable to sustain a scream. She sat there staring at the letter where it had fallen at her feet, as if it were certain death to touch it again. But time was slipping fast away, and the boy was waiting, and she remembered that she must send no answer. She was naturally brave, and soon gathered strength to pick up the letter and read it through. It was from Monsieur Casino, and demanded an interview with her. What should she do? To whom could she go? To her mother she would not, and to her father she dared not. She was ill, friendless and hopeless, and only wished that she might die. Just then the girl came in from the post office, bringing a magazine and a letter. Fortunately the girl was not observing. She placed the magazine and letter in Ada's hands, and left the room in blissful ignorance of her distress, or even that a third party was present. As for the boy Ada had nothing to fear from him. He had been busily engaged, since the first moment of his stay in the room, in catching flies and stringing them on pins, which employment seemed to afford him infinite amusement. Ada turned the letter in her hand to look at the address, and recognized the firm, doubtless chirographic at a glance. Was Madame going to add to her sorrow by heaping reproaches upon her? She could have shrieked with agony. She bit her lips till she unconsciously tasted blood. All her senses were in a dizzy whirl. She tried to open Madame's letter, but paused before she had freed it from the envelope. She felt that her sorrow was already more than she could bear. How long she sat there with that great misery upon her she could not have told. She was sensible of nothing that passed around her, save an occasional chuckle from the boy at the window, as some new unfortunate was added to his list of writhing victims.

A slight noise in her father's room aroused her to a sense of danger. Her father must not know—no one must know that she had received those letters. With one desperate effort she tore open the letter, and read, almost unable to believe what the lines conveyed to her overtaxed brain. Gathering new strength from Madame's kind epistle, she took up Monsieur's letter, and wrote on the back of it with a pencil:

"I will meet you to-night, at half-past seven, at the front of the garden. You probably know by this time where I live or can easily ascertain. My father is still very weak, and for that reason must know nothing of this."

With forced calmness, she called the boy and gave him the message; then went up to her room. Every word of Madame's letter was as a sweet sustaining balm to her tired brain as it nestled from the office? I am anxious for my magazine, and I am looking for a letter from New York."

"She will let us know when she comes. She has not had time yet. Then you are looking for a letter from New York?" he asked, watching her intently.

Ada looked out of the window again and answered in the affirmative.

"And the letter will bring you much happiness, I suppose?" he asked again.

"I hope so," she answered, still looking away from him.

Mr. Venner was thoughtful for some time.

"You have said so little to me about your New York knight, that I hardly imagine what he is like," he said half banteringly, when he spoke again. "Is it because you mean to surprise me with him ere long?"

She did not answer him. She only looked out more intently into the hazy Autumn day.

"Something is troubling you, my child," said Mr. Venner quickly, and in a tone that told that this trouble had suddenly dawned upon him. "Do you fear that I shall not be able to give you a wardrobe fitting for the bride of Monsieur Casino? I know that young girls set great store by those things. You need give yourself no uneasiness, however. My only daughter shall not be ashamed of her bridal trousseau."

"That has never troubled me, papa," she replied, toying with the rings on her fingers. "Aside from this letter that I am expecting, there is nothing that really troubles me, unless I am ever again to see strong again."

"You will soon be well again," he said encouragingly. "The doctor says I may resume my business in a week, and I shall be greatly disjointed if you are not able to walk to the office with me."

During their conversation she had shown no animation whatever. But now she sprang up with eyes sparkling with interest.

"May I go to the office, papa? Will you let me take my old place again? Mr. Williams says the office is overrun with work. You will need two, you say. Do say that I may go, and I shall grow strong at once."

"You shall go if you wish. You always have your own way, you know," he said, caressingly. "But you must not talk any more now. Your face is flushed as it is with fever. Compose yourself and go to sleep, can't you?"

"I never sleep in the day time, papa. Do not alarm yourself about me, however. I have no fever. A breath of fresh air will soon drive the unnatural flush from my face. Do you know that you have not lain down since you dressed this morning? I have been lying down all day, and need exercise. So I will walk out, and leave you to enjoy a good, long nap."

She left the room with the intention of walking out into the garden. At the door she met a boy, who gave him a brimless hat, and asked for Mr. Venner.

"He is in his private office," she said.

"I am," Ada replied. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes 'um," holding a letter toward her, "and I am to wait for an answer."

"Very well," she said. "Come in and be seated. I shall not detain you long."

She had not noticed the superscription particularly, and seating herself on the sofa without looking at it again, she tore open the envelope. Before she had read three lines her hands fell powerless in her lap; she was unable to sustain a scream. She sat there staring at the letter where it had fallen at her feet, as if it were certain death to touch it again. But time was slipping fast away, and the boy was waiting, and she remembered that she must send no answer. She was naturally brave, and soon gathered strength to pick up the letter and read it through. It was from Monsieur Casino, and demanded an interview with her. What should she do? To whom could she go? To her mother she would not, and to her father she dared not. She was ill, friendless and hopeless, and only wished that she might die. Just then the girl came in from the post office, bringing a magazine and a letter. Fortunately the girl was not observing. She placed the magazine and letter in Ada's hands, and left the room in blissful ignorance of her distress, or even that a third party was present. As for the boy Ada had nothing to fear from him. He had been busily engaged, since the first moment of his stay in the room, in catching flies and stringing them on pins, which employment seemed to afford him infinite amusement. Ada turned the letter in her hand to look at the address, and recognized the firm, doubtless chirographic at a glance. Was Madame going to add to her sorrow by heaping reproaches upon her? She could have shrieked with agony. She bit her lips till she unconsciously tasted blood. All her senses were in a dizzy whirl. She tried to open Madame's letter, but paused before she had freed it from the envelope. She felt that her sorrow was already more than she could bear. How long she sat there with that great misery upon her she could not have told. She was sensible of nothing that passed around her, save an occasional chuckle from the boy at the window, as some new unfortunate was added to his list of writhing victims.

A slight noise in her father's room aroused her to a sense of danger. Her father must not know—no one must know that she had received those letters. With one desperate effort she tore open the letter, and read, almost unable to believe what the lines conveyed to her overtaxed brain. Gathering new strength from Madame's kind epistle, she took up Monsieur's letter, and wrote on the back of it with a pencil:

"I will meet you to-night, at half-past seven, at the front of the garden. You probably know by this time where I live or can easily ascertain. My father is still very weak, and for that reason must know nothing of this."

With forced calmness, she called the boy and gave him the message; then went up to her room. Every word of Madame's letter was as a sweet sustaining balm to her tired brain as it rested. Sitting there alone the tension on her nerves gave way, and leaning her head down upon the pillows of her bed she wept freely. All the love she had borne Madame seemed to went out to the woman who had so unreservedly offered her her friendship. Gladly would she have knelt at Madame's feet, and blessed her for her faith in her, yet she trembled at thought of meeting Monsieur. She felt instinctively that Monsieur had inherited none of his mother's noble qualities. She was weak in body, and the terrible ordeal through which she had passed, had crushed all her pride, all her independence. She dared not meet Monsieur's contempt. She would gladly have given half the years of her life if she had been in her power, to avoid seeing him at all. She had a sense of guilt which she could not overcome. She had naturally all her father's pride and strength of character, and he had instilled into her mind all his own ideas of honor and self-respect. She felt degraded in her own sight—felt that she had lost one of the dearest jewels of her womanhood—her faith in her own self. What girl would call a man noble whose action was to her a sacrifice of her own honor. What would her father think of her? What did Monsieur already think of her? How could she plead for him for herself? Oh! for some one to go to for advice. She thought of Harry Delmont wandering she knew not where, and shivered as if a cold blast had struck her. She thought of Mr. Venner, and stretched out her arms in helpless appeal. "Oh! if Madame had only been my mother," she cried. "If Madame had only been my mother!" These words meant infinitely more than they bore to every other human heart. The sun met just setting in a flood of golden glory; and with an icy chill about her heart, she realized that the time for her interview with Monsieur was drawing near. She began to prepare for going out. In this matter she seemed to be guided by instinct rather than by any will of her own. She combed out the rich, wavy hair, and fastened in it her only ornament, a star with a dainty jeweled comb, one of Madame's treasured gifts. A single white rose lay on her dressing table. She picked it up, then hesitated, as if going to their burial decked in flowers; why should I not wear them to-night?" she said with a ghastly smile, as she fastened the rose in her hair. The most becoming dress she had for common wear she put on. It was a light-gray poplin trimmed with fringe and satin of a darker shade. A soft fall of lace at the neck and in the open sleeves, with a tie of azure blue, completed her toilet. She looked very well and self-possessed in that great city, but none more attractive in appearance than was Ada Venner, as she stood before her glass, adding the last touches to her plain but becoming attire. She was pale, pale as marble, and the mental suffering she had undergone was plainly visible in her face. And there was also that in her face in the stately poise of her head which told that her natural pride was not vanquished, but simply subdued.

The moments crept on faster and faster, bringing the night shadows in their train. The gloomy twilight crept in at the windows. The lamps were lighted down stairs. With trembling hand she drew out her watch. It lacked only five minutes of the time. Throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, she drew a long breath as if to take fresh courage, and slipped noiselessly down stairs. She knew that she was not likely to meet any one. Her father was busy talking over business matters with Mr. Williams, and her mother, for a wonder, was there also. Mrs. Blake was up stairs with Judith. For the first time in her life Ada experienced that latest consciousness of guilt which secrecy always brings. For the first time in her life she felt that she was doing that which she would be ashamed for even her father to know. And for the first time in her life she felt that inward shame, that humiliating fear of discovery, which seldom leaves the soul as pure as it found it. "I could not do it," she murmured, clasping her hands tightly. "No, I could not, only that papa is not able to bear the least excitement. Oh! that it was only over!"

She stopped out into the night air, closing the door resolutely behind her. The night was not dark, for it was bright starlight, and the round full moon was just rising. She reached the foot of the garden, but saw no one. Secret meetings in the garden, or any other place, was a new role to Ada, and she stood looking about her, silent and stately, and actually trembling from very fear. Her own good sense told her that this would not do. She must command herself. In all her life perfect calmness had never been so necessary to her as now. A long line of poplars stood against the hedge. The ground was strewn with a thick carpet of yellow leaves, which gave back no sound as she walked slowly along beneath the tall branches, trying to gain perfect composure before Monsieur Casino should arrive. Suddenly the delicate perfume of a cigar greeted her. She paused in her walk, and gazed anxiously, tremblingly, before her into the golden moonlight. Against one of the trees a few feet in advance of her stood a man indolently puffing a cigar. That man was Monsieur Casino.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER THE STORM COMES THE SUNSHINE.

For a moment Ada stood transfixed to the spot. Her limbs were powerless to obey her will. The earth seemed tottering beneath her feet, and with a low, startled cry she caught at the nearest tree for support. With a strong effort of her resolute will, and only Monsieur Casino standing beside her. He reached forth his hand, smiling pleasantly upon her, though a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, and a sudden paleness which overspread his face, betrayed that all was not as calm within as his manner warranted. She placed her hand in his, murmuring the barely audible words of greeting. Nothing was needed to cause Monsieur Casino to forego his revenge; but to be near Ada again, to hold her hand in his, as he was doing now. His hands trembled no less than hers, as he greeted her in his low, mellow tones, and his dark face grew paler in the moonlight whilst he said:

"Is it thus you greet me after our separation, Ada?"

She looked up with a startled expression in her eyes.

"You surely got my letter?" she asked, forgetting in her excitement that Madame had mentioned the letter in here.

"Yes, I got your letter. But you certainly did not mean what you wrote, Ada? You would not wound me, thus," he said, passionately.

"I did not write it to wound you Monsieur Victor—believe me I did not. I did it to save you a great sorrow than even that. You know I told you so in my letter."

Monsieur Victor seemed determined to ignore as far as possible the contents of the letter.

"You are my promised bride, Ada," he persisted. "You would not break your word with me. You are mine. I cannot live without you. You will not refuse to fulfil your promise to me?"

"I must refuse," she said with, something of her old firmness. "I know that I have wronged you, Victor. I might have known that I never could love you after what has happened in my life. I tried to be frank with you. I told you all, and there I should have stopped. I did not wish to go to New York, but circumstances seemed against me all the way through. Still I did not try to justify myself. I have wronged you and am very, very sorry."

So far as wronging him was concerned, Monsieur Victor believed her. Like all narrow-minded people he could see but one side of a question at once, and he began to consider himself a deeply injured man. In Ada's confession he saw a chance for argument—a faint hope of still winning her.

"You would wrong no one intentionally," he said softly; "and I have faith enough in your integrity to believe that you will not wrong me. You loved me or you would not have promised to become my wife. I have sorrowful thought of giving you up, Ada. I dare not. The thought in itself is madness."

She stepped back almost frightened at his vehemence.

"I have been ill, she returned, trembling violently; "ill in mind, if not in body. There is a seat near; will you go to it. I do not think I can stand much longer."

He assented, and offered his arm with a spice of his old gallantry. She declined it very kindly, and silently led the way to the seat where Harry Delmont had spaced his heart to her a few evenings before.

"I can never right the wrong I have done you by doing you a greater," she said, when they were seated. "I am not worthy of be all; I can never be your wife, and most humbly, most earnestly I crave your pardon for ever making you that promise."

"Ada, you cannot mean it—you must unsay those words!" he cried, catching her hand. "Think how I have loved you, and of the terrible blight you are casting over my life. Think well before you done me to a life that will be a mere blank. It is not like you to be so cruel. I repeat it; you must think before you give me a final answer."

"Were I to think for weeks I could give you but this one answer," she replied, with weary sadness. "Oh, why is it," she cried with a burst of feeling, "that you can love but me who are neither beautiful nor your equal in wealth and position? Society holds hundreds of girls, your equals, too, in both wealth and position, who would love you as you do me, which never do?"

"Society? bah!" he exclaimed with a contemptuous sneer. "And do not talk of beauty. I want no painted doll of fashion for my bride. In my eyes you are more than beautiful. And what are wealth and position when compared with you? You have asked why I can love only you. Shall I tell you? Because you are a very paragon of women. Once my wife, and I should never have to blush for any act of yours. My honor would be safe in your keeping. You would be true to me, even if I had no place in your heart. You would never flirt with my coachman, or run away with my best friend."

She had no words to answer him. She sat beside him, white and silent, looking out into the moonlit distance.

"Have you no answer for me?" he urged in low, passionate tones. "Look at me, my proud-lied bride, and tell me you will not doom me to despair."

"I cannot! I cannot!" she moaned. "Were you to plead with me for years, I could give you but one answer, I can never be your wife. Do not cause me the pain of saying it again."

His whole manner changed instantly. She felt the change intuitively, even before he spoke.

"And what do you expect from me for this wholesale rejection of my love, name and fortune," he inquired, with a touch of menace in his tones.

"Your kind forgiveness," she answered sweetly, raising her dewy eyes to his face. "You will grant it, will you not?"

His face flushed angrily.

"And to whom am I indebted for this sudden and very remarkable change in your feelings, Miss Venner?"

She took no notice of the insolence of his tones.

"I will tell you; it is your due," she said quietly. "I told you the story of my engagement to Mr. Delmont, and of the cruel abduction of me. In the latter I was mistaken. The world knows not to-day but that I am still Mr. Delmont's promised wife. I knew nothing of this till after I came home. As soon as I learned the truth I wrote you."

"And you will wind up this charming romance by marrying Mr. Delmont, I suppose? The young gentleman is still held his affections while you were winning mine must have been a very interesting one, Miss Venner?"

She drew herself up with a flash of her old haughty pride.

"You are overstepping your bounds, Monsieur Casino. Have you forgotten to whom you are speaking?"

He laughed a low cynical laugh.

"Will you permit me to ignore it at question and ask you one? Do you know why I came here, why I demanded this last view with you?"

"I do not, neither do I care to know," she answered, with cold composure.

"I will tell you, however," he said, his dark eyes blazing with passion. "I am sure the knowledge will give you much pleasure."

He leaned toward her and whispered the next words. She recoiled as if a snake had struck her hand from the shrubbery and hissed in her ear. She recovered herself in a moment, however, and faced him, her large eyes full of infinite scorn.

"And you shall your revenge be, Monsieur Casino? You certainly would not take my life? You are hardly so base as that—and as for anything else, you may do your worst; I fear you not."

"No, I have no intention of taking your life. That would be no satisfaction whatever. But are you quite sure that I have no power to harm you, proud girl?" he asked, leaning toward her again, and speaking in a low intense tone of triumph. "With your youth and pride, and rare intellectual endowments, has disgrace no terror for you?"

She looked up and allowed her eyes, brimming over with conscious innocence, to meet his. There was a fearless grandeur, born of her own innate purity, on her white face.

"Disgrace!" she exclaimed proudly; "what has that to do with me? Never in my life have I done an act for which I need blush, save this, of meeting you here to night!"

He threw back his head and laughed a low, devilish laugh that made her blood run cold. For the first time a sense of some great danger swept over her. For the first time a mortal fear of the man at her side made her draw instinctively further away from him.

"Then you wear the white flower of a blameless life?" he said with another contemptuous laugh. "I see you have the symbol in your hair to night. What a mockery!"

She did not speak. She only sat there looking at him in silent wonder, trying to imagine what those words could mean.

"Your eyes ask an explanation," he said blandly. To have seen him then with that genteel repose of manner, that self-satisfied air, one would scarcely thought the calm current of his life had ever been stirred by so profound an emotion as anger. "I will give it," he resumed, moving a little nearer. "You have not forgotten Madame Devere's soiree? and you have not forgotten that you were there, of course? Allow me to inform you—and I am sure the information will give you much pleasure—that Madame Devere is known, even in this fair city, as one of the most noted of the demi-monde in New York. And our lunch at Delmonico's! ha, ha! our lunch at Delmonico's was in a house of the same sort. Now, proud girl, what becomes of your spotless reputation? your blameless life?

She did not move or take her eyes from his face. Whiter her face could not grow but it took on no deeper shade like that of death, and not a change or motion, however slight, escaped the watchful eyes of Monsieur Casino. When she spoke he started at the marked calmness of her voice.

"I am very sure that I did not hear you rightly," she said. "Monsieur Casino would never have taken the woman whose love he had sought to win to places such as those you have named."

"You will change your mind when I shall have told you my motive in so doing," he replied, in the same bland tone. "I foresaw something of this kind, you see. I felt convinced that Mr. Delmont would yet conclude to carry off the prize I was trying so hard to win, and I felt, too, that he would succeed. You may think my course a very singular one, but you must remember that I have Italian blood in my veins, and to our people revenge is sweet. You understand me, do you not?"

"I must confess to being singularly dull in this case," she answered, with quiet disdain, though her face was still of that deathly hue. "I cannot see how this matter can effect me personally, or redound in any way to my disgrace, when in both cases I was perfectly ignorant of the character of the houses into which you were taking me. The disgrace, Monsieur, lies at your own door, I think.

"I see that you are still ignorant of my design," he said, in the same polite tone. "The world is a very fertile garden, you know. One needs only to drop a seed of slander here and there, and it springs up and multiplies, and yields its author tenfold. Would you like the story of your disgrace to be made current in this city?"

Her lips quivered. The sahen hue deepened on her face.

"No one would believe it," she answered, with her old air of conscious innocence. "This has been my home since my early childhood. You may make any inquiries you please, Monsieur Casino, and you will find no blight upon my name."

"What implicit faith you have in the world, Miss Venner. Have you forgotten that one word against you now would go farther than a dozen when you owned wealth and a position in society? And a young girl's name is like a tender flower—once roughly handled, and it can never be brought back to its original beauty?"

He had brought his face close to hers again, and the words were spoken in a low, distinct tone of menace.

"You are trying to frighten me," she exclaimed indignantly. "It is useless for us to prolong this interview. Enough is said, and I can now

it was intense, earnest, so eagerly anguished! that it touched Louie very tenderly.

"Will, how could you? Oh, Will!"

Then half smiling, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes, and a look that was equally remorseful and amused, Louie rang her bell, and gave a message in an undertone to the servant that answered.

Then she turned to William again.

"So you have been jealous of Mr. Hamilton, Will? Wait a moment, for I want to tell you something. Mr. Hamilton is one of the dearest friends I ever had. He has been good to me, Will, oh, so good! Always he will come first on the list of my friends, always——"

She was interrupted by some one rapping on the door, then entering unannounced. A little flash of triumph, of satisfaction, accompanied by that same look of reproof, was in her eyes as a little old gentleman, with a pleasant placid face came in, with spectacles on eyes, and a book in his hand, and shiny, a little old gentleman so ugly as well could be imagined, but such a courteous, high bred gentleman, for all that, it was manifest at a glance.

"I want to have you meet Mr. Darton, Mr. Hamilton. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you—Mr. Hamilton, my dear adviser and business agent and kindest of friends, Mr. Darton, my lover—in Will!"

* * * * * * *

William instantly telegraphed to his sister, Mrs. Nimmon, to come to him in London, and, when the good old farmer's wife was shown into Louie's room, she found her adopted daughter seated, as her brother had done, before her little writing-desk.

The old lady, warm and flushed by her walk from the station, uttered an exclamation of joy.

Louie turned in her chair and then sprang to her feet to greet her.

"Louie!" grasped the old woman, as the young girl's arms were thrown round her neck.

"Yes, dear mother, "it is Louie, and, oh! I am so happy to see you. Sit down, and I will bring for some refreshment. Will promised me out this afternoon, and he will soon be here. How did you leave father and all the boys and girls? Oh, this is kind of you to come all this way to see me!"

And, seating the old lady on the sofa, she rang and ordered refreshment, and then, taking her seat before her desk, and mechanically taking up a pen, she added—

"Will has written and told you all, mother dear, has he not?"

"No, my child," she replied. "He sent one of those nasty telegrams, and I thought he was ill; and oh, you don't know how flustered I feel to meet you, my darling!"

Just then William entered, and all the old lady's doubts and fears were set to rest by his explanations.

* * * * * * *

William was so perfectly happy, and when he and Louie ran down to the farm for a brief visit, there occurred a hasty, happy wedding time, and Mr. Dayton constituted himself all-wise and agent of his lovely, talented, popular wife.

"Because there's no telling how the Chard Hamilton jealousy might have ended if he had happened to be young, handsome, fascinating and unmarried——"

Louie haughtily made answer—

"Will, you are the most jealous man in existence."

She lifted her sweet face to her husband's, and as he kissed her, he said—

"Because I am the most loving. There can be no love without jealousy—but I'll never doubt you again, dearest."

The Most Expensive Book Ever Sold.—The London Saturday Review, relating to the Caxton collection, says that in Strickeldines and to books which are the first fruits of typefounding; presses, the Spencer collection is extremely rich. The case is the peculiar province of the enterprising bibliomaniac who brought the biography into flashing fifty years ago. The amazing thing, in the study of Caxton, is the mistake whenever he could, and who, it may safely be said, never hazarded a guess without guessing wrong, has rendered many people familiar with the famous history of the Valdarfer Decameron. The 2 book, reposes quietly enough in one of the cases, and gives little indication of being the most expensive volume it was ever bought for. In 1812 Lord Blandford had against Lord Spencer at the sale of the Roxburgh Library in St. James Square for this volume, and up ran each other's bids until the enormous price of £10,261 was reached, when the hammer fell. Dibdin has told the story in his most hyperbolical language. The Roxburgh Club was founded in honor of the sale, and Dibdin wrote his bibliographical Decameron in honor of the book. The original of the strange part of the story hardly comes out in contemporary literature. The hapless Boccaccio was plundered in Venice in 1471, and owes its distinction to its being the first edition of the Italian romancer with a date. An imperfect copy is in the library of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and when Lord Blandford succeeded to the dukedom he was actually in treaty for a purchaser of ten of the first four known copies. Naturally one must be sold. The Blenheim copy was the worthless, and had to be retained. The Roxburgh copy was sacrificed, and at the sale Mr. Knight, who had retired from the banking of the house in Berkshire where it took place, Lord Spencer had occasion to be thankful he had got out of the scramble when it was put by. At this sale he secured the book for £1,477 10. It is on the whole, a very plain volume, having only colored initials at the beginning of the chapters.

The Largest Landholder in the Country.—From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Probably the largest landholder in America is ex-Governor Abner Coburn, of Maine. Incredible as it may seem, he is the owner of not less than 800,000 acres, divided up as follows: Maine, 450,000 acres; Canada, 125,000; Wisconsin, 45,000; Dakota, 25,000; Montana, 25,000; Nebraska, 10,000. His latest purchase is that of a tract in Dakota and was taken off the Northern Pacific railroad in lieu of stock, in which road he invested some $600,000. His agent, Mr. Whipple, has just returned from the West whither he had been to look after Mr. Coburn's interests and see about the last purchase. He says that Mr. Coburn's heavy saving the finest hotel by the governor. He says it is well adapted to growing cereals, and the crops of wheat have never failed in the virtually the present season. One of the causes of this failure of the crops was land grasshopper ravages. They purchased from Mr. Coburn, six years since, a tract in Maine for which they were to pay $1,400,000, and which has since advanced $500,000. The land was well timbered, but the Spragues could not keep it, and Mr. Coburn took some coal into payment for it, while the Spragues are out the amount advanced. The governor is said to be troubled with beggars of both high and low standing, and there is scarcely a day passes but he receives letters asking aid from all kinds of societies, churches, and charitable institutions. He is reported as giving upward away of $100,000 per annum. Mr. Coburn is probably worth $5,000,000.

Old Time Superstitions.

In the Dutch counties of this State people have some peculiar ideas about a great many things as to excite the wonder of the uninitiated when first acquainted with the facts. And, strange to say, these same views are not confined to ignorance, for many of the intellectual element still go through some of the practices that seem inexplicable, the worst form of dark superstition in fact, yet their faith in them is as deep rooted as any planted and nourished in the ramifying light of reason. The superstitions fills numerous every shape and form, but the greatest of all is the one that baffles the best medical skill, down to the most ordinary things of every day life. An instance of this kind was brought to our notice the other day, which, though smacking somewhat of this same superstition, is the result of the embodiment of a high religious sentiment. We are told that it is a custom honored with age among the Germans. The act consists in having the Holy Bible first among the permanent Easter to be placed in any new house, as an augur of good fortune for all time to come. Unless it is done for the sake of mere outward show, the performance of this ceremony is deeply based superstition emanating from the Divine Word. It will prove a blessing help in time of need.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Be it good that we do, let us do it,
Giving soul and our strength to the deed.
Let us canvass all hard pack and pass through it,
And conquer the thing that we need.

Does Fate, as a dark ghost hang over,
And cover our heads from the light?
Do we quake and the heart of the bravest
Most wrong be the victor of right?

Yet in Fate there is freedom for each one
To do the best that he may;
And if he fail of the highest that earth can
Let him live in the highest that may.

Ever succeed or expected parleying
The aim that is noblest for the day
And the gods will be glad of the doing,
Whate'er the gods it, or mind by the way

And firmly there set hearted with small things,
Through normal the highest may be
Do the lowly service as if it were all things
That will shall in noble find free.

Just then I can't let it be with full measure,
But bringing, and pressing down,
Of others for top of the measure,
The passion that crowns thy crown.

So to carry man just, and to woman
Be gentle and pure and true,
For thy own do thy best, but for woman
Do more than woman should do.

Solving the daze full to number,
In peace then shall pass to the grave,
Thou shalt like and be loved brothers and sister
Beloved by the good and the brave.

The Edict of Fate.

The library in Mr. Trevelyan's elegant country residence was one of the pleasantest apartments imaginable, and on that bright summer morning seemed the embodiment of coolness, shade and fragrance—from the dark green carpet, that looked like a sward after a shower of emerald velvet, the lighter green silk curtains and damask furniture, to the gleaming marble statuettes, the white and gold ruffled bound volumes in rows of shelves from floor to ceiling.

Outside the sun shone and the birds were holding a perfect carnival of song in the warm, fragrant air.

Everything seemed so pure, so peaceful, so strangely at variance with Mr. Trevelyan's angry, clouded face as he stood, straight and haughty, with one hand on the grave cloth of the central table, and his eyes looking down on Raymond Santelle's face—a face perfect in its bold, manly outlines.

"It is the most outrageous breach of gentlemanly honor I ever had the misfortune to know, and I am the more astonished, Mr. Santelle, that I had always, previously, held you to be a suitable man to occupy the position of tutor to my son. But this total disregard of every law of etiquette, honor, decency—if I may be allowed so strong an expression—this open fiend, presumptuous attempt at flirtation with a guest of Mrs. Trevelyan's is—is offensively disgusting to me.

The young man's eyes blazed as he listened patiently to the quiet, intense insult, and you could see how tremendous was the force with which he kept himself in check: you saw it in the plainly by the tenseness of every muscle in his little, handsome frame; by the compression of his lips under his drooping amber moustache; and in the intense, frightfully calm tone of his voice as he answered, with his blue eyes never flinching from the cold, gray ones opposite him.

"You have made a most unwarrantable assertion, sir, which for Miss Veldt's sake I regret—which for my own I care as little as I regard the truthfulness of it, sir——"

Mr. Trevelyan had executed him by a sudden blow of his fist on the table.

"You dare tell me—you, a hired teacher in this house, that I am a liar—that Miss——"

Santelle felt that was the smallest attempt to interrupt the tide of passion, but there was something in his eyes that made the gentleman pause suddenly, and then Santelle went on, quietly as before, with that unnatural quiet that preceded the storm.

"There is no occasion to introduce the lady's name again; I simply say I have never paid her any attention beyond what is due to a lady from a gentleman, that I should pay an expense of the blood royal if the occasion required it, or any other woman. You have seen fit to misconstrue and from the moment you branded me as unfit for the position of tutor to your sons, however false the accusation was, you ceased to be my employer. Mr. Trevelyan, there is no need to prolong this interview."

He bowed with the cold, polished ease of a society-nagged man, and went leisurely from the library to his room, with that same composure of his handsome lips, but with the fire in his blue eyes giving place to a bitter, dreary gray.

"To think she is the first woman I ever met who could quicken my pulses by a glance at her bright, beautiful eyes—and I am insulted because I have dared to look at her, a tutor on a salary, she a darling of fate and fortune!

Down in the library where Santelle had left him, Mr. Trevelyan paced to and fro.

The insult independently pupper, with his face like a girl's and the manner of the manner of a prince! It is time he took his cause from Trevelyan Park when he bids fair to be a formidable rival to my son Rupert to Ida Veldt's favor. I am not blind—I'm not a fool. I have seen the girl's magnificent eyes look at him with a light in them I'd willingly give a cheque for a thousand to see in them when she laughs with such boy!

And, just within one of the deep, dusk recesses of the library, hidden by flowing silken drapery, as fair a girl as ever lived, with features dark even in all softness and cheeks as pink as a morning glory, stood quiet and breathless until Mr. Trevelyan had left the room.

"The grand, glorious fellow! Why, he's a very prince in disguise! I wonder—I wonder if—oh, dear of course it is only chivalrous courtesy Mr. Santelle feels, and I won't be a fool—I'm not! But I'm not a fool. I have seen the girl's magnificent eyes look at him with a light in them I'd willingly give a cheque for a thousand to see in them when she laughs with such boy!

And, just within one of the deep, dusk recesses of the library, hidden by flowing silken drapery, as fair a girl as ever lived, with features dark even in all softness and cheeks as pink as a morning glory, stood quiet and breathless until Mr. Trevelyan had left the room.

"The grand, glorious fellow! Why, he's a very prince in disguise! I wonder—I wonder if—oh, dear of course it is only chivalrous courtesy Mr. Santelle feels, and I won't be a fool—I'm not! But I'm not a fool. I have seen the girl's magnificent eyes look at him with a light in them I'd willingly give a cheque for a thousand to see in them when she laughs with such boy!

And, just within one of the deep, dusk recesses of this

LOVED AT LAST.

And so he loves me, though they said
 No lover e'er would come to me,
That I should ne'er be wooed or wed,
 Or nurse a child upon my knee;
They were so sure that I should miss
The woman's heritage of bliss.

And I too, in the sad gray hours,
 When through low clouds no sunlight shone,
And when the slow September showers
 Seemed nature's tears for Summer gone,
I murmured, with a long, sad sigh,
"My Summer also has gone by."

But now I know that what to me
 Seemed Autumn rains were showers of Spring;
Summer has come, and now I see
 Love's sunlight brighten everything;
He says he loves me, and to-day
My year rolls back to early May.

How did it come? I ask of him;
 He says my face is sweet and fair;
And yet to me these eyes seem dim,
 And on his brow are lines of care;
But now these eyes shall yet be bright,
And once again this brow grow light.

He loves me! loves me! I repeat
 The blest assurance every hour;
And now the wine of life is sweet
 That yesterday was sharp and sour;
Now I can drink, with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold.

I look through long, slow-coming years,
 Made by his love all bright and fair;
I look around through happy tears,
 And see his image everywhere;
In his great love I breathe and live;
If it be sin, dear God, forgive.

It cannot be. Since I have known
 His love, God's love seems dearer too;
He has come near to me, and shown
 What for the humblest he can do.
Life's fateful fingers intertwine
The human love with the divine.

Oh love, love, love! Oh blessed word,
 That never did I understand
Till in my ear his voice I heard,
 And felt the pressure of his hand;
No more I walk with eyes cast down;
I am his queen, love is my crown.

NOSES.

Noseology is a neglected science. Phrenology has had its day and generation. The science of the cranium is now as a tale that was told, although its votaries thirty years ago were quite as numerous and enthusiastically indiscriminate as the frequenters of skating rinks and spelling bees were a couple of years ago. Phrenology, or the theory thereof, has many salient points about it, but it lacks the determined quality. There are so many bumps upon the head—they are defined to a hair's-breadth, according to the stucco casts that invaded nearly every house a quarter of a century ago—that really one might be self-conceited or firm, venerative or pugilistic, accordingly as a slight accident may have befallen the subject immediately before the time that he happened to come under the hands of the manipulator. Noseology is by no means so empirical. It goes directly to the point. Its professors challenge contradiction, not upon what the recognized dictionary of the spelling bees has it about phrenology: "The science of the human mind as connected with the supposed organs of thought and passion in the brain, and as developed by the external undulations of the cranium;" it presumes only upon one medium organ for the reading of character, and that is the nose alone. There is at least simplification in this neglected rough-and-ready method of discerning character, and certainly quite as much accuracy as any of our clever craniologists ever exhibited.

Dr. Watts wrote:

"The mind's the standard of the man."

Noseologists have a different idea. Their great apostle, Mr. Sloane, thought that the nose is the true needle to point to the loadstone of heart and mind alike. It is the most prominent of outcome of the inner nature. It attaches to itself all the mental superiority of the human cosmogony.

The varieties of noses are legion—the shades of difference are multifarious, even in noses with a like general outline. These differences are permate precisely. The contour of the face affects noses greatly, and a like patern of nose on a fair man presents a difference of appearance upon a dark, and on fair and dark alike the weather, worry, or sickness makes a wonderful alteration. Into the minutiæ of noses, however, there is little need to enter, as most observers can take stock of them after a description of the four generic types. As the study progresses the types can be divided and subdivided according to the keenness of the observation of the reader. The generic order of noses is here put thus:

1. The Pug.
2. The Roman.
3. The Grecian.
4. The Grecian or Composite Order.

The pug-nose, pur et simple, it will readily be admitted by all—except perhaps its possessor—is by no means an attractive feature in the face, especially if the upward curve starts about a third of the distance from whence the organ is eliminated from the forehead. There are pug-noses, especially in Irishmen, if not too much elevated skyward, which are not without humor if they happen to be set off with twinkling blue or light gray eyes; but if the "diamonds" at each side are not expressive, the pug-nose is almost next to repulsive. As a rule, from a pug-nose supplementary to an opaque face, the writer instinctively recoils. The owner of the common pug is seldom a brilliant individual; but if he happens to possess talents, it may almost be accepted as an axiom that he is overbearing. Not unfrequently he is laborious, anxious to learn, but rarely can get further than an inconsequential sneer. The common pug has something like the ferocity of the bull-dog about it, with the vacillating nature of the pug in the canine species. The owner of the uncommon pug by no means bears so bad a character. There is something more intellectual about him, although it is said by noseologists that he is a combination between a prize-fighter and a drunken politician, and it would go against the grain to declare that "no one with an uncommon pug-nose could be either a sculptor, a poet or a painter." Recent history has told us very differently.

The common Roman nose is held in little repute by those who are attempting to revive this unhappily neglected science of noseology. From the bridge it is rounded off to the top. If not strongly marked after the fashion of the late Iron Duke, the mind is not of the highest order; it barely rises above mediocrity (the man owner of the nose, it should be understood), and bedizens itself on breast and fingers with gaudy jewels. The uncommon Roman nose is altogether of a different calibre. There is a something about it which must assert itself if culture has been added to the proboscis. It is a kind of pose which overcomes all opposition, which has enabled men to conquer mortal achievements, "to mould the world to their will." Notably, to use Sloane's words in our own country, Napoleon and Wellington were in the possession of such noses. "Napoleon knew the secrets of noseology; he knew what advantages there were in a good Roman nose. He selected his generals, and put them into place of trust and confidence, by the length and height of their noses. The Duke of Wellington, one of the most illustrious of warriors in times ancient or modern, had a strikingly Roman nose. By this nose he conquered Napoleon, and in that nose saved Britain from becoming a province of France. May she ever have such a nose in emergencies!" and so on.

The Grecian nose, straighter than the Roman lacks the fiery energy. It is more characteristic of amiability and refinement. It indicates passion, too; but its real passion means not the sword or the spear, but the lute of Apollo and the brush of Apelles. Byron fought and died for that nose, yet still the cup of Samian wine needs to be swallowed under protest.

But it is a comfort to think that there is another nose not so bad as the pug, nor so valiant as the Roman, nor quite so refined as the Grecian, but possessing in a mixed degree the best qualities of all, guided by a wise discretion. This in noseology is called the Composite nose, and it is the sort that is generally met with in the streets. "It should run in a direct angle," we are told, from the forehead, should be straight, regular, and of good size. "Facts prove and circumstances confirm that this order is suited for attaining eminence in any of the arts and sciences, in the Senate or the bar, in commerce or in agriculture."

It needs no ghost from the grave to tell that that hooked nose behind which is set the keen eye belongs to the race of the Father of the Faithful—that race which, enduring much contumely and cruel persecution through long centuries, preserved through all its toils, trials, and shocking sufferings in accumulating that powerful agency called Lucre to such an amount that it may almost safely be said to rule the world. Sloane has a wonderful appreciation of this nose. He is more eloquent about it than of any others, taking it from a pecuniary stand-point. He asks where are the Pharaohs, and then says, "That nose which toiled and strained under the whip of a task-master still exists in all its rotundity, as large and as well defined as ever, while the nasal organ of the oppressor has vanished, and nowhere exists save in the remains of its sculpture."

THE MONGOOSE.

In countries where snakes and other noxious reptiles abound, nature, as a means of checking the excessive increase of such plagues, has provided certain animals, both biped and quadruped, which, by continually preying upon and destroying snakes of all kinds, both large and small, fulfil a most useful office, and confer an inestimable benefit on man. The peccary of South America, a small but fearless species of the hog-tribe, will not flinch from an encounter with such a terrible foe as the deadly rattle-snake; but encased in a hide of extreme toughness, quickly despatches and devours his scaly antagonist. The Secretary bird of Southern Africa, belonging to the falcon tribe, habitually subsists on reptiles of all kinds. In Europe the stork acts a similar part; and many other useful birds and beasts, performing the same good work, might be mentioned.

In India, where serpents are specially common and destructive to human life, we have various kinds of snake-devourers, such as storks and cranes, and the well-known adjutant. Peafowl are especially active in destroying small descriptions of snakes; and others of the feathered race assist in the work. But in general, animals of all kinds have a natural dread, and carefully avoid permitting themselves to come in contact with, or even close proximity to a member of the snake tribe, instinctively aware of the danger of meddling with such creatures.

The little ichneumon (a Greek word signifying a follower of the tracks or footsteps) or mongoose of India, is, however, a bright exception to this rule, for not only will he, when so disposed, without fear of consequences, readily enter into mortal combat with the most venomous descriptions of snakes, but will even seek them out, attack, slay and devour them, their young or eggs, in their various strongholds and hiding-places.

The common gray mongoose (Herpestes griseus), called by the natives of Northern India 'Newela,' is exceedingly abundant everywhere. In general shape and contour, it is much like a ferret and in many other ways resembles one of the weasel tribe. In size it is considerably larger than a ferret; and the hair which covers the body, instead of lying smooth and feeling soft to the touch as that of the ferret, is coarse and bristly. The color, which varies much in different parts of the country and according to the season of the year, is generally of a reddish brown, speckled over with gray. Its length from tip of nose to tip of tail is about two feet. The snout is sharply pointed, ears short and round, eyes small and piercing; the jaws are armed with a formidable set of teeth, the canines being especially sharp and long.

The mongoose frequents gardens, thick hedge-rows, and scrub jungle; and if left unmolested, and not hunted by dogs, will often take up its abode in some burrow or hole in a bank in close proximity to inhabited buildings. Though in general nocturnal in habits, yet it may often be seen crossing a road or footpath during the day, usually pausing a moment to look around and make sure that the coast is clear of dogs and such-like enemies before venturing to cross open ground.

Being, as I have already stated, a deadly foe to the cobra, battles between that formidable reptile and the mongoose are of constant occurrence, but it has been proved that the fangs of all venomous reptiles have no effect upon it.

Horse Breaking in Buenos Ayres.

The horses having been brought together, as I have said, into the corral, were driven round the inclosure at full gallop. Six gauchos, armed with the lasso, then entered the ring, and, singling out a mare or a foal, threw their lassos at the animal in such a manner as to catch both the front legs. The horse, being caught by the fore legs, falls over on the shoulder with a heavy thud, and must often receive a serious if not a permanent injury. The gaucho, holding the legs firmly, proceeds to make a circle round the fallen animal. He gradually succeeds in catching one of the hind legs, draws it close to the fore legs, and so bind the three together. After this the horse is powerless. After witnessing for some time the dexterity with which the lasso can be used, the stallion which had been herded with the troop of mares was singled out and captured. He had never been ridden before, and we were now to see an exhibition of the rare skill and courage in the saddle for which the gaucho horsemen are famous. The horse, having been thrown by means of the lasso, as it has already been explained, the process of saddling and bridling shall be described in the graphic and accurate language of Mr. Darwin: "The gaucho sitting on the horse's neck, fixes a strong bridle without a bit to the lower jaw; this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leather thong fastened by a slip-knot. The lasso which bound the three together being then loosed, the horse rises with difficulty. The gaucho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater) he holds the animal's head while he first puts on the horse-cloths. When the saddling is finished the animal is, from fear and previous exertion, white with foam and sweat." The process, as described by Mr. Darwin, was closely followed in the present instance. A sheepskin, however, was substituted for a saddle, and the domidor, or horse-breaker, only used the stirrup to mount his horse. Before he was saddled, the horse made a tremendous struggle to get free, but a powerful and active gaucho, arrayed in a red shirt, black riding-boots, his long black hair streaming in the wind—altogether a most striking and picturesque personage—held him firmly with the halter, and by the exertion of great muscular strength was enabled to resist the struggler. At length the domidor mounted his hitherto unridden charger. The lasso was cast loose from the fore legs, and the animal, pursued by a gaucho on horseback, who plied him sharply with the whip, and harassed by a troop of dogs barking furiously at his heels, was free to do his utmost to throw his rider. The great object was to keep the horse in constant and rapid movement. While at a hard gallop, the horse could neither kick nor plunge in such a manner as to disturb the equilibrium of an accomplished horseman; but when, as it happened, from time to time, the horse stopped abruptly, arched his back, threw his head down, and then made a great back jump, executing, in a strange way, a figure of 8 in mid-air, alighting on his fore legs, and with his hind legs kicking desperately, it required horsemanship and musculor power of no ordinary kind on the part of his rider to keep his seat unshaken. The domidar scarcely touched the bridle; but he clasped the horse with a grip of iron, his knees were buried deep in the sheepskin saddle, and his bare heels were fixed as firmly as with a vice under the horse's belly. After many a desperate rush, many a vehement struggle, and many furious gallops to and fro, guided in his mad erratic course by the lash of his rider, and the attendant gauch, the wild horse was brought back to the corral, exhausted, and for the moment subdued by the power of his rider and his own unaccustomed efforts. After witnessing this most remarkable feat of horsemanship, we bade farewell to our host, and returned to the railway, escorted by Col. Donovan. We owe much to his kindness in preparing for our visit.

New Ball-room Manners.

From the London World.

The last sensation in ball-room manners comes to me from the Transvaal, our newly-annexed colony. The ball was given in honor of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. The ball-room was only eighteen feet by twelve lighted by four candles on the wall, and a much smaller room opened out of it, lighted by two candles stuck into black bottles. The floor was of mud, and after each dance was profusely watered, till a perfect bog was made in one spot. The young ladies were prismatically gorgeous in their dresses; but the one great feature was that each of the chaperons had an infant on her lap, whom she openly and without disguise fed from Nature's founts I commend the idea to ladies of London, who have reached the limit of display of charms possible without the excuse of the infan

AN EXCITED MULE.

From the Hartford Times.

When Dahlgren's iron-clads began operations in Charleston harbor, the Tenth Army Corps made a sudden dash and drove in the thin lines of pickets which the rebels had posted on the eastern end of Morris island. As the Union soldiers advanced up the island, the Southrons retired, and at last stood at bay under cover of Battery Wagner. At first it was thought that the heavy guns of the monitors and the new Ironsides would sweep away the earthwork, but a long afternoon's hammering left it as good as new, to the great surprise of Admiral Dahlgren, and I presume, the rebels also. Then it was determined to capture it by assault, and a storming column was started for it one evening, after it had been hammered and battered out of shape and form. The assault did not succeed. Then General Gilmore made preparations to capture it by regular approaches. Accordingly a small army, with spades, broke ground in dangerous proximity to the battery one dark and boisterous night. When daylight came, every gun which Beauregard could bring to bear upon the new work began to rain shot and shell, and from daylight till noon there were lively times in and about Charleston bay. Shortly after noon, Fort Sumter opened furiously, and it was feared that an attempt was about to be made by the enemy to advance their lines as far as the new work. There were enough men there, it was thought, to hold it, but there was a deficiency of ammunition, and so a mule-driver volunteered to deliver the ammunition. The only road was the smooth and sandy beach along the bay, and the distance between the two points about a mile and a half. Half that distance was within easy range of Fort Sumter, and Battery Wagner's guns covered all the way to the sand hills, behind which was the federal camp. I am describing this incident as it appeared from the shipping in the bay, and what called attention to it was the sudden waking-up of every gun on the southeast angle of Sumter. Looking to see the cause of the furious cannonading, everybody was surprised to see a mule team tearing up the beach in the direction of the new work. The driver was laying the lash on, and that mule had its ears laid straight back, and was making its legs go. Occasionally a shell would touch the beach, bound up, and explode, and the mule would then hesitate and try to turn back. But the driver would lay the cowhide on with renewed vigor; then the mule would put on another spurt, until at last it became entirely demoralized by the explosion of a ten-inch shell almost under its belly. Every glass in the squadron was leveled at the spectacle. The driver got off his seat, took the animal by the head, whirled it around once or twice, and started it up the beach once more. Fort Sumter flashed and flamed, Battery Wagner belched and thundered, and still that daring driver urged his mule along, though the way was swept by at least thirty guns. At last he reached his destination, but he could not stay there, and in a moment he was turned around and exhorting that animal to do its level best. The mule did not need to be told to step out; for in its rear there was roar and racket, and about its ears were flying sand and scrap-iron, which seemed to stimulate its fleetness. Down that hard beach flew the mule, the light cart bobbing and swaying, and the driver's arm rising and falling as if he dealt out lash after lash. At last they neared the friendly shelter of the sand hills. In another minute they will be safe; but just as they near the place to turn aside, a shell came screaming from Sumter. Everybody could see the huge mass of iron as it roared through the air. It struck the beach directly in the rear of the mule and with a bound it overtook it and exploded with terrific violence. A general exclamation is heard from Dahlgren's flag-ship, where the Admiral and his staff are earnestly gazing at the adventurous mule and his daring driver. Fort Sumter's ramparts are black with men, they, too, willing witnesses of Yankee pluck. Along the swell of Morris island and covering every elevation, can be seen the Union soldiers, who stand with bated breath, anxious and full of suspense, and every eye intently taking in the scene. When the shell exploded, a circle of smoke hid the mule for a moment, but when the smoke cleared, Mr. Mule had his ears laid back, and, with head down, and legs lashing wildly out, he was making kindling wood of the cart, which had been badly demoralized by a fragment of the shell. Presently the driver is seeing limping to the mule; in a second the mule is free from the cart, and, with the driver on his back, and a farewell whisk of his tail, disappears behind the cover of the hills. The thousands of boys in blue unite in a long and hearty hurrah; the sailors wave their hats and shout themselves hoarse, and, hark! the rebels have caught the infection, and are cheering, too.

Conversations in 1851 Between M. Thiers and Mr. Senior.

I found Thiers this morning somewhat discomposed. His wife and her mother and sister were to arrive yesterday by the morning train. He was at the station at 10:30, but the train did not come in. At first he was put off with excuses; at length the officials confessed that there had been an accident, but they maintained that no one had been injured. He had no confidence in their assurances, and passed more than three miserable hours, at the end of which they did arrive unhurt, but he had been up late and slept ill, and deferred till to-morrow telling the sequel of the history of the Roman expedition. He said, however, that he would relate a little personal anecdote, the story of his first acquaintance with Talleyrand. "In 1822," said Thiers, "I was a young man, very poor, supporting myself by writing in the Constitutionnel. Mignet was one of my collaborators; Lafayette and Manuel were the political men whom I most consulted. The Spanish expedition was proposed. The expedition with respect to which your Canning came forward in the character of Æolus, and threatened to scatter the invaders by unchaining the tempests. Lafayette and Manuel declared that the expedition ought to fail, and would fail. That a French army would not march to prevent an independent nation from shaking off an intolerable tyranny, and that if it did attempt such an enormity the Spanish nation would rise en masse and destroy it as it had destroyed the more formidable invasion of Napoleon. I maintained that the Government in sending the expedition acted wisely btoh for the interests of the throne and the interests of the nation. That it was essential to the safety of France that Spain should be under her control; that if Spain continued constitutional, that is to say, if the feelings of the people were to influence her policy, the antipathy of the Spaniards toward the French would make her a rival or an enemy instead of a submissive ally. That it was the duty, therefore, of every French Government to put down every Spanish Constitution; that the expedition, instead of being opposed, would be popular with the army to which it offered both fame and revenge; that it would meet with no serious resistance in Spain and would establish the Bourbon throne by giving to it the prestige of political success and military glory. And I offered to ascertain the feelings of the troops then forming what was called the Sanitary Cordon, and afterward became the invading army, by travelling to the Pyrenees and mixing with the officers and men in their tents and cantonments. My offer was accepted, and I traversed the whole line, from Perpignan to Bayonne. I found both officers and men in the disposition which I expected, delighted with the prospect of a campaign and amused by the niaiserie of those who thought that any idea of liberty, or of international law, or of moral responsibility, would prevent their marching wherever they were ordered. Talleyrand heard of my mission and of its results, and wished to see me, and I was presented to him at M. Lafayette's. He joined, or professed to join, in Lafayette's fears of a formidable Spanish resistance. He said, what by the bye was not true, that he had always dissuaded Napoleon's invasion, and had predicted its failure, and he added that he fully expected a similar result now. I said that the Spaniards would not resist this invasion, precisely because they had resisted the former one. That they now knew by experience what it was to fight a disciplined army with guerrillas, and that no mere political object would induce them to suffer again the miseries of insurrectionary war. It was on this occasion that I said, 'L'Espagne est une Vendee eteinte,' un mot qui fit fortune. This conversation was an era in my political life. It procured for me the intimacy of Talleyrand, and, what was of more importance to me, the principal direction of the Constitutionnel, then the greatest political organ in France."

Disorder in a drawing-room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not. The black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.

A CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

From the New York Sun.

It was suggested some years ago that the use of cod-liver oil would have a tendency to promote a distaste for alcoholic stimulants. According to the same authority many people had found they could take wine with animal food, but not with farinaceous or amyraceous nutriment. A well-known man of science, Mr. Charles Napier, has undertaken to test these assertions, and the results of his experiments are set forth in a paper read before the physiological section of the British Association, and which has attracted much attention in England.

The experience of Mr. Napier's own family had furnished a seeming proof of the accuracy of Liebig's statement. They had for two years adopted a vegetarian diet, and although brought up in the moderate use of alcoholic liquors, now felt no inclination for them. More decisive evidence, however, was supplied by the application of the theory to twenty-seven cases, the more striking of which may be briefly cited. The first instance is that of a military officer, sixty-one years old, of an aristocratic Scottish family, who had contracted habits of excessive whisky drinking while on service with his regiment in India. We are told that his custom was to eat hardly any bread, fat, or vegetables, his breakfast consisting mostly of salt fish, and his dinner almost wholly of roast meat. During the day he consumed from a pint to a quart of whisky, and was not sober more than half his time. By Napier's advice he was induced to return to the breakfast of oatmeal porridge on which he had been brought up, and to adopt a dinner of which peas and beans formed important ingredients. He does not seem to have liked the change at first, and made the significant complaint that he could not "enjoy his whisky" as much as formerly. About this time there was a panic among flesh eaters in England, owing to the cattle plague, and, consequently, the whole family was put on a vegetarian diet. For some weeks the husband grumbled very much, but his taste for whisky gradually disappeared, and in two months from the time he became an entire vegetarian he relinquished alcoholic stimulants, and, according to Mr. Napier, has not since returned to either flesh or alcohol.

Another case which merits special notice was that of a gentleman of sixty who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbreaks averaging once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had a great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but by the close of the period named had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then of about normal weight for a person of his height. We shall mention but one other of the twenty-seven cases reported by Mr. Napier. It is that of any analytical chemist, 22 years of age, who is described as a person of some talent but of intemperate habits. Upon Liebig's statement being recalled to him he expressed an opinion that farinaceous food would not suit his own constitution, affirming that he had eaten nothing unless he dined largely upon flesh. He consented, however, to test the suggestion by a month's trial. His first dinner, which consisted principally of macaroni, was eaten with little appetite, but he persevered, contriving to stimulate a desire for food by vigorous out-door exercise, and before the end of six weeks was a total abstainer.

It is not pretended that these experiments were numerous enough or performed under such diverse conditions as to completely demonstrate the truth of Leibig's theory; but they certainly indicate that substantial results may be expected from an exhaustive application of them. Among the articles of food which are specified by Mr. Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled, and flavored with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view, highly glutinous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food.

If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors, we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in macaroni, beans or oleaginous aliment, appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form. Liebig affirms distinctly that alcohol and fat oil mutually impede the secretion of each other through the skin and lungs. It is certain that nations living on a diet composed largely of starch, such as the rice-feeding populations of the tropical East, are less given to drunkenness than are meat-eating communities. Late statistics have shown that the flesh-eating people of the north of France consume a large amount of alcohol per head, nearly as much indeed as the inhabitants of any part of Europe. Now it is observed that in Normandy and Picardy the bread is very generally raised with vinegar, and there is reason to believe that one class of fermented food attracts another. Finally, it is pointed out by Mr. Napier, as a matter of common experience, that a taste for spicy condiments and butcher's meat is apt to be coupled with a fondness for alcoholic liquors, whereas a taste for plain flavored vegetables is associated with a liking for fats and oils. And here he refers to several persons within the circle of his acquaintance who were in the habit of taking wine daily when eating butcher's meat, but who are constrained to forego the indulgence, partially or wholly, when living on a farinaceous diet. Under the new circumstances the action of the stimulant seems to be too irritating to be borne without great inconvenience, producing, as it does, sleeplessness, headache and even nausea.

The Power of the Czar.

Correspondent to the London Times.

If I were to sum up the cardinal fault of the Russian army in three words I should say it is the total "want of initiative." Something in the imperial system seems to stifle and kill the power of individual action. And yet in no army in the world are greater pains taken to recognize and stimulate individual enterprise. Crosses, decorations, swords and sashes of honor are distributed with a lavish hand, and, better still, they are given on the spot, and not, as with us, when the recollection of the brilliant deed has nearly died away.

The Emperor himself is the great and sole fountain of military honor. He watches all personally. The theory is that no act escapes his eye. Certainly to see how his every word and gesture is followed by those around him he would appear the earthly incarnation of supreme power. And his personal bearing enhances the reward in every case. A generous word, a friendly look, the well-chosen expression of praise to suit the individual, go home to the heart of the recipient as much as the highly cherished reward itself.

Two hundred officers of all ranks breakfast and dine daily at his table. From the youngest to the oldest every eye is fixed on him. Before the meal, in the assembled circle, as the Czar appears, it is seen one day that an aide-de-camp behind him carries a cushion with crosses on it and perhaps half a dozen sword knots of honor—the ribbon of St. George, orange and black—to be worn attached to the sword hilt. Instantly expectation is at its height. The Czar's voice calls the chosen name; all makes room for the envied man to pass; he comes blushing and flushed, receives the prize, bends low to kiss the imperial hand, and retires bowing at every step, a made man for life, the admired and courted of all beholders. Then he has to go through the usual embracing and kissing on both cheeks from his friends.

The effect of the system is like magic; it is to concentrate all power and authority absolutely in one centre. The Czar is the earthly Providence of the soldier and officer, as well as the embodiment of the military power and glory of his country. I have seen old officers so overcome with this mark of distinction that they went about for ten minutes after like children, weeping, with the prized decoration in their hands, showing it round, half dazed. No system can be imagined more calculated to stimulate individual efforts to the utmost. Yet, with all this spurring, there is something more wanting. It is the individuality and the habit of spontaneous action which only education and modes of thought of a free people can supply. Whether it be the long standing taint of serfdom, whether it be too much imperialism, the initiative is wholly absent. You tell the Russian what to do, and he will spring to it like an obedient child. In a year it never would have occurred to him to do it for himself.

THE STORY OF MEIGGS' FLIGHT.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about the flight of Harry Meiggs from San Francisco, the story as it actually occurred has never been given to the public. One sorely-tried man has been in possession of the particulars of the exodus from the time the preparations were begun, but was under obligations not to reveal them. The death of Mr. Meiggs has at last unsealed his lips. Capt. Jacob Cousins, the person referred to, who was master of the bark America, in which Meiggs sailed, says that on the 29th of September, 1854, he was in the cabin of the bark conversing with Capt. Wiggins, who was then in command of the vessel, when Vickery Seaman, a warm personal friend of Meiggs, and connected with him in business, came aboard and announced that he had bought the vessel, and asked Capt. Cousins if he would take charge of her. The captain asked where the vessel was going, to which Seaman replied, "Probably to Australia with passengers, and I want you to ballast the vessel and get ready for sea as soon as possible."

The Captain knew that Meiggs was very much embarrassed financially, and suspected that he was to be the principal passenger, but said nothing of his suspicions, simply accepting the command. The vessel was fitted up as an ordinary lumber coaster, as far as cabin accommodations were concerned, with very little furniture, and no carpet on the floor. The only extra expense incurred for the accommodation of the expected passengers was in furnishing two small state-rooms forward for officers' quarters, and the purchase of a second-hand sofa for the cabin.

On the 3d of October the Captain reported the vessel ready for sea, and about 9 o'clock the same evening Seaman came on board and told Capt. Cousins that Henry Meiggs and his family were the passengers going in the ship. At midnight Seaman and the Captain went ashore in the ship's boat alone, landing at Broadway wharf, where they left the boat and went up to Mr. Meiggs' residence. They were met at the door by Mr. Meiggs, who took the Captain by the hand, saying, "Captain, this is hell, but I can't help it." In the house, besides Mrs. Meiggs and her three children, were Ned Seaman, a young man named Gilchrist, a clerk in Meiggs' employ, John G. Meiggs, David Thayer, a cousin of Meiggs, and two servant girls. The party sat and talked until 3 o'clock in the morning, during which time Meiggs spoke freely of his troubles. As the clock struck 3 Capt. Cousins announced that it was time they were going on board. Meiggs jumped up, put on his hat, giving it a knock on the top and said, "By G—, I'm ready." John Meiggs then produced a sack containing $10,000 in gold, which was emptied out on a table and divided into two equal portions, Capt. Cousins taking one half, and Henry Meigs the other. This is all the money that went on board the vessel. The entire party then walked down to the wharf where Gilchrist and Ned Seaman took leave, and the rest getting into the boat the Captain sculled them out to the bark. In the morning a thick fog hung over the bay, and there was not a breath of air stirring. A tug was engaged to tow them out to sea, but the fog was so dense they could not find their way out through the gate, and the vessel was anchored off Fort Point.

About four o'clock in the afternoon they again got under way and were towed out as far as the North Head. After making a few tacks the Captain found that the tide was drifting them back into the bay, and he was again forced to come to anchor. At high water the Captain hove up anchor and drifted out with the tide in a dense fog. Toward morning a light wind sprang up from the land, and by daylight they were half way to the Farrallones. There they lay becalmed for two days, but the fog was so thick that they felt no uneasiness about being followed. During all this time Mr. Meiggs was calm and cheerful, showing not the slightest signs of excitement. The story about the pistol in readiness to commit suicide the Captain pronounced absurd, as the only fire-arm on board was a revolver belonging to himself, which was never loaded. A breeze finally came, and the vessel was kept away to the southward. After getting clear of the land, Mr. Meiggs, in answer to an inquiry as to where he wished to go, said to the Captain that he might go where he pleased, but he should like to see some of the South Sea Islands and then go to Australia or Chili. They first went to Otahiti, where they remained thirteen days, leaving there just three days before the papers from San Francisco, with an account of Meigg's flight, arrived. They then touched at Pitcairn Island, where they lay two days, and from there sailed for Talcahuana, in Chili. Meiggs landed there and took his family up to the city of Concepcion for a short time. The rest of his career in South America is so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. Meiggs paid all the expenses of the vessel up to the time he left it out of the $10,000 he took away with him, and when he landed in Chili he had but $4,740 to make a fresh start in the world.

People in the Savage and Civilized State.

What, in a few words, is the difference between the savage state and the civilized state? In the savage state, people have very little to do with one another, and are very like one another; in the civilized state, people have very much to do with one another, and are very much unlike one another. In the one case there is independence without individuality, in the other case there is dependence with individuality. This is quite contrary to the common democratic prejudice that Rousseau imported into the world, which is widely diffused in America. It differs from the opening statements in Mr. Mill's Essay on Liberty. But I think it will be found true. I suppose Shakespeare was a strongly-marked individual. Well, try for a moment to think of Shakespeare quite apart from the whole history of England and of Europe before him. You might just as well think of the blossom of the aloe existing and growing apart from its leaf and root. If any one should bring himself to doubt that increased civilization means increased dependence of human beings on one another, let him simply read the city articles in the Times. Let him see there how an earthquake in Peru brings desolation into an English parsonage. Let him think how other widows than Bulgarian and Bosnian have been ruined by Russian and Turkish wars. Let him remember how Lancashire starved because 300 years ago Columbus took Africans across the Atlantic. The fact is that the whole science of sociology, by far the greatest and most momentous of the many acquisitions of science in our century, consists in the study of this consensus—how it has grown, how it works, how it can be modified. But we are here now to think of its effect on health. Let us then compare the savage and the civilized man in this respect. It is quite clear at the outset that there is a balance of advantages which is not easy to strike. On the side of the savage there is the open-air life, the constant muscular exercise; there is the ignorance, in most cases, of alcohol in all its forms from gin to sherry; there is the weeding out, either by direct infanticide or by rigorous climate, of unhealthy elements in infancy; there is the absence of certain fearful hereditary blood poisonings; there is the absence of harassing business and harassing pleasures; the fever of speculation, mercantile, philosophical or religious, is not there—all these well known causes of diseases are absent. And you find as the result of it that the minute processes of growth go on differently in the savage and in the dwellers in cities. I well remember Livingstone, after his first journey to Africa, telling me of his surgical operations, removal of tumors and so on. The two edges of the cut skin grew together, he said, with extraordinary rapidity. If you read Cook's Voyages you will find the same thing. We need not travel so far as Africa and Polynesia to see this. A savage of course approaches the state of a horse or a dog. Wounds in horses or dogs heal with the same rapidity.

Patron Saint of Journalism.

A London paper says: "Journalism has never had a patron saint, and we might have remained forever without this valuable addition to our resources but for the kindly forethought of our urbane contemporary the Unita Cattolica. The conductors of that eminent exponent of religion have petitioned the Pope to nominate a patron saint of Catholic journalism, and it is suggested that St. Francis de Sales is the most fitting candidate for the office. The Voce della Verita supports the scheme, so that, unless Pio Nono is displeased with the canonizing business after the recent failure to add Columbus to the Roman hagiology, we shall, like the members of all the other learned professions, be able to invoke our patron saint."

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said; the wise man on what he is going to say

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have issued, as the second volume of their series of "Artist-Biographies," "Raphael," edited by M. F. Sweetser. This life of the greatest of the Italian painters is based upon information derived from a great variety of sources, and is at once reliable, compact, comprehensive and entertaining. The narrative is given in clear and simple language that at once recommends itself to the reader, and the absence of any attempt on the part of the editor to appear unduly learned is not the least praiseworthy feature of the little book. All the recorded facts of the artist's personal and professional career are plainly set forth, together with some of the outside influences which shaped his course and developed his genius. Many of Raphael's famous pictures are described, and there is frequent reference to the singular histories of some of them. As was the case with the volume on Titian, the work before us is supplemented with a list of Raphael's paintings now in existence, giving the dates of execution and present locations. It also has a full index. "Raphael" contains 153 pages, and is clearly printed on tinted paper. The binding is cloth, with red edges. Price, per copy, fifty cents. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. we have the "Life of Vittorio Alfieri." This work is published as a volume of the Messrs. Osgood's series of "Choice Autobiographies," and is edited by William D. Howells, who also contributes an introductory essay, giving therein an admirable estimate of Alfieri's status as a poet and a man. Alfieri wrote as good prose as poetry, and his autobiography is chatty and interesting from beginning to end. He was not a man altogether to be admired, for his morals and opinions were reckless and loose, and his temperament was bitter and resentful. His life, as abundantly appears from his own account of it, was a constant succession of disappointments and stormy emotions, whilst his struggles and animosities were fierce and constant. Alfieri was, in fact, the Byron of Italy in more respects than one. His autobiography is a graphic picture of his time, though the morbid and perverse nature of the poet has perhaps prevented it from being as impartial and reliable as the general reader could wish. Nevertheless, it thoroughly and exhaustively depicts the man, and is, therefore, a highly interesting contribution to literary history. The work is appropriately concluded by a letter from the Abbe Caluso to the Countess of Albany, which recounts the particulars of Alfieri's death. The volume is gotten up in the popular "Little Classic" style, and in point of typography and paper cannot be too highly praised. It contains 357 pages. Price, per copy, $1.25. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have it on sale.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. send us Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' new romance, "The Story of Avis," which is in many respects a remarkable work. Miss Phelps gained a great reputation by "The Gates Ajar," but her present fiction will give her a wider fame, for as a piece of artistic literary workmanship it is a decided advance upon anything she has yet written. To be sure, there is a morbid cast about "The Story of Avis," and in some points of view it is not all that could be wished, but it is overflowing with well wrought up dramatic effects, and its plot is constructed with notable skill. Miss Phelps' style of composition is somewhat abrupt, and her ideas of persons and things are to some extent abnormal, but she possesses in an eminent degree the power not only of interesting but of fascinating her readers, and that is a compensation for many faults. In "The Story of Avis" the character sketching is worthy of the highest commendation, though some of the personages presented are rather artificial and exceptional. Avis is not a type of any actual woman, but instead a creation of the author's imagination. She does not belong to this common sense, practical world of ours, and hence to the majority of readers will always remain a weird, incomprehensible mystery. She contracts an unfortunate marriage which naturally brings her trouble, but her griefs are not such as ordinary people can readily comprehend and sympathize with. Ostrander, her husband, is more of a human being than Avis, and his faults and failings are understandable. He is, however, an ungracious personage, and his personal character inspires a well defined sense of repugnance in the minds of all who read about him. His love for his wife slackens up too quickly after marriage, and his abrupt and unwarranted behavior excites disgust. Still, as a psychological study, "The Story of Avis" will command almost universal attention, and we venture to assert that it will find hosts of appreciative readers who will derive great satisfaction from its perusal. The work is well printed on fair paper, and is neatly bound in cloth. It is 12mo. size, and contains 457 pages. Price, per copy, $1.50. For sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, have just published "The Narrative of a Blockade-Runner," from the pen of J. Wilkinson, formerly a Captain in the Confederate States Navy. In his preface the author states that this is his first attempt in the book-making line, which will readily be believed by those who read his work, for its style is eminently crude and unpolished. The matter that Mr. Wilkinson has presented in his pages, however, is far better than his manner of presenting it, and is really a valuable addition to the history of the late unfortunate civil war. The book embraces a wider scope than its title would seem to imply, for, besides dealing with blockade-running, it gives an inside view of events and the condition of things at the South during the struggle, which is both readable and new. Mr. Wilkinson was first employed at Acquia Creek in Virginia, and was afterwards captured by Gen. Butler whilst in command of a vessel at New Orleans. He was then imprisoned at Fort Warren, and when exchanged was made a blockade-runner. His narrative, though clumsily written, lacks neither spirit nor interest, and is worthy of an attentive and extensive perusal. The typography is good and the paper of fair quality. The binding is neatly stamped cloth. The work is 12mo. size and contains 252 pages. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have also issued "Miss Misanthrope," Justin McCarthy's new novel. "Miss Misanthrope" is a very readable romance, much above the average of the better class of stories, and has very many points of decided excellence. Of course, it also has its faults, but these are so few and so pardonable that the indulgent critic feels impelled to overlook them. The plot is fairly contrived, and its development is sufficiently artistic and effective for the purpose in hand. "Miss Misanthrope," in spite of its name, is a love story, and quite an interesting and original love story too. The characters are all vividly drawn, Minola Grey ("Miss Misanthrope"), Mr. Money, Miss Blanchet and Mr. Sheppard being the most striking. Miss Blanchet is a village poetess, and Mr. Sheppard Minola's first lover. Justin McCarthy was always noted for the strength of his descriptions, and in the work before us he has drawn some election scenes with all his usual power. Altogether, "Miss Misanthrope" is a novel that will give great pleasure to a wide circle of readers. The book is well printed on good paper, and is substantially bound in cloth. It is octavo size, and contains 228 pages. For sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, have published "Lapsed, But Not Lost," a romance from the pen of the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," who, after a long silence, has reappeared in the literary field. This work treats of the early Christians, and is strongly religious in spirit and fervid in style. "Lapsed, But Not Lost" is a romance of the cross and the amphitheatre, and its scene is laid in Carthage. The plot is simple, but interesting, and in its development there is much dramatic interest. The characters are well individualized, and are calculated to make a strong impression on the reader. In fact, "Lapsed, But Not Lost" is just such a tale as will amply meet the demands of that class of readers who admire fictions of the devotional kind. The work is well printed on good paper, and is handsomely bound in cloth. It is 12mo. size, 273 pages, and may be had in this city of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

From Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. we also have "The Harmony of the Reformed Confessions, as Related to the Present State of Evangelical Theology." This work is an essay delivered before the General Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh, Scotland, July 4, 1877, by Philip Schaff, professor of sacred literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. This essay has been widely published in Europe, and created a marked sensation there. It is thoroughly exhaustive of its subject, and will, no doubt, meet with a large sale in this country. It is printed in large, clear type on first-class paper, and is bound in flexible cloth. Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have it on sale.

NEW MUSIC.

From Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, we have the following pieces of new music: "Leaving the Old Folks," an admirable song and chorus, by C. A. White; and "Bonnie, Sweet Bessie, the Maid o' Dundee," a melodious and artistic transcription, by Chas. D. Blake.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, we have "The Song Leader," a collection of choice music for use in singing classes, high schools, colleges, choirs, and conventions, by W. A. Ogden and J. H. Leslie, assisted by Dr. J. B. Herbert and E. P. Andrews. It is an excellent work and well adapted for its purpose. Price, per copy, seventy-five cents. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Turf Gambling in Paris.

From the Boston Journal.

"Don't write about politics," said a leading American journalist to me once, when instructing me as to what he wanted from Paris. But politics happens to be the rage just now. Nevertheless, there are other topics: the Autumn races—which I never attend—have been exceptionably brilliant, it is said. A young nobleman—he would be a baronet in England, I suppose—has been caught cheating on the turf, and been disgraced. The circumstance reminds one of that dreadful remark of the witty Duke of Devonshire, who said that he "could never make up his mind whether baronets should be treated as noblemen or gentlemen." There is a curious sting in that remark. Racing in Paris is popular simply because it affords thousands of people a chance to make an easy and luxurious living. I don't think that among Frenchmen there is really any deeply-rooted passion for horse flesh. But they like to gamble, and racing is a convenient means of doing it. Large numbers of young Englishmen live elegantly here simply by betting from time to time on a sure horse. Then there are the knaves, fat old spiders, who watch cunningly for green hands and pounce on them with alacrity. They are like the tribe of gamblers who haunt the grand cafe, a cosmopolite mob of broken people, who do all they can to break others. The sharp fraternity is easily known and pointed out, but the verdant and the stupid insist on being plucked.

One rarely sees a countryman in distress in Paris, but I did meet one day before yesterday. He came up to me on the Rue Scribe, where if you are not an American you are supposed to be, as nearly every office on it is in some way connected with Yankee trade, and observing me sharply, he said:

"Are you an American?"

I proudly acknowledged that I was a citizen of the Republic.

"Wal," he said, "can you tell me where I can get some chewin' tobacco."

I said no, of course; no one chews in France—didn't know personally any American resident who "chawed."

"Wal," he said sadly, "it's all very well for them that don't chew; but I've got to have some; can't live without it." And he stepped out with a determined air, looking for another American to whom he could put his despairing question.

HOUSEKEEPER.

Crackers.—Butter, one cup; salt, one teaspoon; flour, two quarts. Rub thoroughly together with the hand, and wet up with cold water; beat well, and beat in flour to make quite brittle and hard; then pinch off pieces and roll out each cracker by itself, if you wish them to resemble bakers' crackers.

Cheap Raspberry Jelly.—Boil one-fourth pound of dried raspberries in a pint of water for about ten minutes, then strain; bring the juice to a boil, sweeten to taste, and stir into it about two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; after taking it off the fire stir a minute or two; when cold it is ready for use.

The Care of Plants.—For the benefit of those who have drooping house plants, I will suggest that the dirt should be shaken from the roots, and then be placed in fresh mold, a large quantity of which can be procured at any florists for five or ten cents. The trouble in many cases will be found to be the angle-worm, which feed on the small roots.

To Cure Chills and Fever.—One quart boiling water, one dram quinine; put into a tumbler of the water, stir, and it will look like milk; add 15 or 20 drops sulphuric acid; pour this into a quart bottle; two ounces Epsom salts mixed with some of the boiling water to be added to the first, and two ounces essence peppermint; dose, two tablespoonfuls three times a day before eating.

Citron Preserves.—Put a layer of grape leaves in a kettle; then a layer of shapes, sprinkled lightly with alum; another of shapes, sprinkled as before; then cover with boiling water, and boil until you have a nice brittle shape; have ready a strong ginger tea, in which boil half an hour one and a half pounds of sugar to a pound of shapes; add a considerable quantity of water to the sugar and boil the shapes until preserved; if the syrup is not thick enough boil down.

Salt Water for the Eyes.—Many persons are suffering pain from weakness of the eyes. This sometimes proceeds from local inflammation, and sometimes from other causes. Several persons who have been afflicted inform us that they have derived almost immediate relief from the application of salt water as a bath, and where the pain has been aggravated, from a compress saturated with salt water laid on the eyes; and submerging them in clean salt water has been found beneficial to those whose eyesight begins to fail.

Green Tomato Pickle.—Gather the tomatoes, wash and drain dry, stick each tomato four or five times with a large straw, put in a stone jar and lay grape leaves over them and weight down; then make a strong brine and pour over; when needed soak 24 hours in fresh water; to a gallon of vinegar add one tablespoonful each of cloves, black pepper, allspice and mustard, tied up in a thin muslin bag, boil the vinegar with the spices in it, then pour over the tomatoes while hot; they will keep good two or three years in brine.

Fruit Cake, (Plain).—One cupful good butter, the same of sugar, beaten to a cream, add one cupful molasses, three cupfuls sifted flour, four well beaten eggs (beat whites and yolks separately), and half a teaspoonful soda (use no cream of tartar), one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ground cloves, allspice, and nutmeg; at the last add half pound of well-washed and dried currants, the same of seeded raisins, and one-quarter pound of thinly-sliced citron; dredge the fruit well with flour before adding; bake in a moderate oven an hour and a quarter.

For Salad Dressing.—Break the yolks only of one or two eggs, according to the quantity desired, into a soup plate, and use a fork for beating; beat thoroughly and add the oil a drop or two at a time until about three tablespoonfuls for a whole pint if desired; have been used; then add half a teaspoonful of made mustard, the same of salt, and vinegar to thin sufficiently. If so much oil is used as to make it very thick before the other ingredients are added, it should be thinned with vinegar a few drops at a time. Some people consider it an improvement to add the frothed whites of the eggs at the very last.

Vienna Coffee.—Leach or filter the coffee through a French filterer or any of the many coffee pots that filter instead of boiling the coffee. Allow one tablespoonful of ground coffee to each person, and "one extra for the pot." Put in one quart of cream into a milk boiler, or if you have none, into a pitcher, and set the pitcher in a pail of boiling water. Put it where the water will keep boiling. Beat the white of an egg to a froth, then add to the egg three tablespoonfuls of cold milk. Mix the egg and cold milk thoroughly together. When hot, remove the cream from the fire, and add the egg and cold milk. Stir it all together briskly for a moment or two, and then serve.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOOK AGENTS!
THE COMING BOOK!
Who has not heard of the "BURLINGTON"
"HAWKEYE HUMORIST?"
His New Book is ready, and is overwhelmingly rich and racy. It is perfectly irresistible. Agents can secure territory by prompt application. Address,
AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
Hartford, Conn., and Cincinnati, Ohio,
or, F. C. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J.

25C. THE LIVES AND CRIMES 25C.
of "THE MOLLIE MAGUIRES," with their Executions. Contains a full and exciting account, illustrated with likenesses of the "Mollies" and their victims, and the broad Doings of this Terrible Secret Society Fully Exposed. RETAIL ONLY 25 CENTS. AGENTS WANTED.
BARCLAY & CO.,
21 N. North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

$50 TO $200 A MONTH FOR AGENTS.
UNIVERSAL HISTORY,
ANCIENT, MIDDLE AGES AND MODERN.
The great interest in all the nations and in our own thrilling history of 100 years makes this book sell faster than any other. 3 books in one. Beautifully illustrated. Low price, quick sales, extra terms. Address J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE! FREE! FREE! An Immense Descriptive Catalogue of Novels, Song Books, Music, Negro Farces, Acting Plays, Letter Writers, Fortune Tellers, Reciters, Cook Books, Speakers, Dialogues, Joke Books, Ready Reckoners, Playing Cards, Books on Magic, Ventriloquism, Swimming, Boxing, Draughts, Cricket, Base Ball, Clog Shoes, Burnt Cork, Wigs, Face Preparations, unequaled and unattainable elsewhere. Mailed free upon application to C. T. DE WITT, Publisher, 33 Rose street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
AMERICAN STATESMAN.
A Political History of the United States, exhibiting the origin, nature, and practical operation of constitutional government in this country; the rise and progress of parties, &c., constituting an Encyclopedia of American Politics. Over 1,000 pages. Price $5. Address for terms H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., New York, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Saturday Evening Post

PHILADELPHIA

1877

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Post will be mailed to any address for one year for $2.00. Four six months, $1.00.

CLUB RATES:

10 Copies	$ 20
20 Copies	40
30 Copies	60
40 Copies	80
50 Copies	1 00

Additional to clubs can be made at any time and at same rates.

TO POSTS.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of State as well as of town, to which they write.

Post Masters, or others, sending for clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to new address when they can do so as conveniently.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per line of space. Agate measure. Inside first and last insertion.

Special Notices 10 cents per line.

Reading Notices, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

Herald Building, 97 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the postmasters, will assist themselves and us by large clubs for the Mammoth Post; or, if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer, we trust that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

A NEW SERIAL.

In the next issue of the Post we shall begin the publication of a new serial story. It is entitled

"FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT,"

and is from the pen of the gifted author of that charming story, "A Bride from the Sea," which recently appeared in our columns. "From Gloom to Sunlight" is a romance of great interest, and will surely find much favor with our readers.

CARICATURE.

There is no more powerful weapon in the hands of man than caricature, for the caricaturist in a satiric debut attacks all can understand and appreciate, even those who cannot read. To comprehend written satire a certain amount of education is necessary, but the satire of the caricaturist's pencil speaks intelligibly to the most ignorant and degraded. Caricature is exaggeration, and its field of application is utterly without limit. It is a serious thing for a public man to fall into the hands of a caricaturist, for the damage that he is sometimes inflicted is literally incalculable. Not only are his deeds the subject of the dangerous pencil, but if he happens to have any little peculiarity of costume or person it is sure to be unmercifully reproduced in the most grotesque shape and form.

Caricature is of very ancient and uncertain origin, and may be regarded as one of the irresistible developments of human nature. The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and all the other nations of remote antiquity indulged in it, and the caricaturists of the London Punch, as well as Thomas Nast and Matt Morgan in the United States, only followed in the footsteps of a very long line of more or less celebrated predecessors. In fact, caricature is only writing in hieroglyphs, as the ancients wrote before the invention of letters, and as the untutored Indian of the far West writes today. There is this exception, however, that the ancient and even many modern national caricatures, whilst the more modern style of caricature is a premeditated assemblage of satirical grotesquerie. The cathedrals of Europe, those wonderful works of art, in which the dead form a connecting link between the dead past and the living present, are full of caricatures carved in wood and stone, but caricatures simply because they were executed in rude ages. The higher culture of the present would give a better tone to these sculptures and redeem them from the grotesque element altogether.

It is noticeable that any style of dress, after it has passed out of fashion, has the aspect of caricature. Run your eye over a volume of fashion plates, issued ten or fifteen years ago, where all the women appear in huge balloon dresses and coal-scuttle bonnets,—go back a few years further and recall the mutton-leg sleeves and wonderful structures of bonnets that were then worn; and then try to imagine how the styles of our day will look a few years hence. Sometimes, also, photographs are unintentional caricatures, from the fact that they show up all the marked peculiarities of the sitter's face in the most innocent and faithful style. A pug nose, thick lips, or some striking facial deformity, will frequently turn a photograph into the strongest kind of a caricature.

There is sometimes an arrangement of mirrors in places of public resort, museums, for instance, by which everybody who passes along is reduced to one-half or one-third the natural length, swelling out proportionately, while the apparent speed of the walker is multiplied three or four-fold. This is caricature by the simple process of reflection, and is a branch of popular science that all may study and acquire amusement from. It, however, is devoid of anything like satirical point, and may be looked on as merely a curious phenomenon. In pencil caricature there is generally an element of the ludicrous, but not always—it sometimes deals with subjects where an overpowering sense of indignation is the effect produced. There are some great caricatures in which there is nothing to laugh at. Ordinarily we expect to find a certain amount of humor to amuse the fancy, whatever feelings of scorn or contempt may be also excited. Thomas Nast aroused not a little indignation by his severe caricatures of the late Horace Greeley. His points, to be sure, were well taken, and indicated the editor of the New York Tribune, whatever his foibles and eccentricities, was looked upon as a man of mind, and the public resented Nast's attacks upon him.

Caricature, nevertheless, has its legitimate field, and in it has effected much more good than harm. In the United States there is hardly a sham in Church or State that has not felt the point of the caricaturist's pencil. There are follies which are more effectually dispersed by this agency. There are crimes which can be reached in no other way. The pen of the readiest writer may not be half so serviceable as the artist's pencil. Caricature, however, is a dangerous gift, and it would be well if it were employed with more discretion and in a less wholesale manner than it now is. It has done good, but there are cases in which it has inflicted terrible wrong, for there are some things with which be caricaturist's pencil has no right to meddle. If all caricaturists were discreet and honestly labored in all cases to benefit the people, their mission would indeed be a blessed one for humanity.

To be thoroughly effective a caricature should be utterly devoid of vulgarity, for vulgarity is always offensive, and tends to corrupt public taste if not public morals. A pure minded caricaturist, who has real genius and a willingness to expose the myriad humbugs of the day and hold up to scorn and ridicule crimes and follies that are beyond the reach of law, will be hailed with joy, wherever he appears, by the caricaturist, who is unscrupulous in the exercise of his talents will always be looked down upon by society, and be regarded as a pest that cannot too soon be crushed out.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Each day as it passes makes it more evident that, before very long, the Chinese question will assume a serious aspect in this country. In certain districts, San Francisco, for instance, it is already causing much agitation, and people are rapidly reaching the conclusion that the natives of the Celestial Empire are much better fitted for Asia than the United States. We have already largely enough experimented with the Chinaman to know that he is not a desirable resident in our midst, and that his presence here can never be productive of the least good. He does not aim to become a citizen, and has no sympathy with our people, our institutions or our country. He is here simply as a temporary hanger-on, and his sole desire is to gather as much store as possible, not that he may invest it here but that he may carry it off to China.

Originally the motive for the importation of Chinamen was the cheapening of the rates of labor, but this end has not been attained. It is true that at first the Celestials worked cheaply, but they soon learned the prices paid for native labor, and that knowledge at once influenced the amount of their demands. "Chinese cheap labor" from that time ceased to exist, and with it vanished the usefulness of the almond-eyed stranger from the land of Confucius. They became as sharp as a native at a bargain, and in a very short space knew all the ropes which they could use to help them gain their daily bread either in trade or by the sweat of their brow. At the present time the Chinese are little better than nuisances, and it may be assumed as certain that such opinion will soon pronounce against them.

Lacking original talent and possessing not the smallest grain of invention, the Chinaman cannot in any way influence the progress of our industrial arts. All they can do is to imitate what they see with scrupulous fidelity. In that they are a success, but in every other point of view as decided a failure as this country has ever seen. We want accessions to our population from foreign lands, but we do not want accessions that cannot be utilized to the fullest extent. The people coming from abroad to settle in our midst must be of kindred races, and must be imbued with the desire to cast in their lot with us. People of a different stamp we are far better off without, and in this class must be included the Chinese. We consider the time of their residence among us as almost at an end, and are fully convinced that the sooner we are rid of them the greater cause we will have for rejoicing.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

Literary men generally have strange likings. Longfellow admires Thackeray's prose style above that of any English writer, and regards "Henry Esmond" as the best written work in English fiction. This judgment is not singular in itself, perhaps, but is of interest as showing that the most eminent authors are most attracted to writers unlike themselves, and whom they do not even attempt to take for their models. Nothing can be more unlike than is the prose of Longfellow and that of Thackeray, if we except the poetry of Longfellow and of Byron. And singularly enough, it is the poetry of Byron that most awakens Longfellow's enthusiasm. Speaking of Byron he says, "makes the blood leap. Every poet should be taken at his best, and at his best should be criticised." He reads Byron, we may be sure, after this, though there is not the faintest trace of his influence upon his own writings. Longfellow is diffident about expressing a preference for the children of his own brain. "If I possessed any leanings," he says, "they might go out toward 'The Golden Legend,' but I am not sure." Evangeline, perhaps, and 'The Golden Legend' in the same category." We are glad to find him omitting "Hiawatha" in his list. This admiring of opposites, it may be remembered, was shown also in the case of Hawthorne, who had an attraction to Anthony Trollope as a novelist, and read every one of his books with avidity. Thus the most eccentrically, not to say morbidly imaginative of novelists found his greatest enjoyment in the study of the most prosaically realistic of his contemporaries in the field of fiction.

Those who have a longing for "the good old times" should read a curious book that has just been published in Berlin by Professor G. Langenschaidt. This book presents a strange picture of affairs in Prussia about the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time no one could leave the country without a special pass, on penalty of losing the whole of his property; citizens accused of theft or murder were put to the torture, and hanged if they confessed their guilt; even fraudulent bankruptcy was punished by hanging. A boy ten years old was hanged for stealing a silver lantern. The richer citizens were ordered by the King to build houses in the Friedrichstadt, and, as those houses generally remained unoccupied, their proprietors were often nearly ruined. The punishment for driving too quickly in the streets was twenty-five blows with a stick, and the King himself used to beat the people of his court, including the princes and princesses, with a long, knotty stick of white-bean, which has become historical. The officers thrashed the sergeants, the sergeants the privates, employers their servants. Street fights were of daily occurrence, and the victims were most frequently the police, whose office was considered dishonorable. All appointments in the civil service had to be purchased. The price of a privy councillorship was 30 thalers, of an ordinary councillorship 300 thalers, of a private secretaryship 200 thalers. For salaried posts the price was higher; thus, for an appointment the salary of which was 10 thalers, the price was 600 thalers.

It is well known in this city, but may not be out of it, that the estate of Philadelphia's mortgage prince is worth the pretty penny of a million and a half. Heinrich Weiner came to America when a boy, and his first business venture was the importation of laces and ribbons, in a very small way, from Switzerland. By stinting himself, and saving every penny not required in his business, which he immediately invested in mortgages, he accumulated his vast fortune. He wears one coat and a little sugar-loaf hat for over ten years steadily, and always carried his lunch to his place of business in a plate slung over his arm. He was scrupulously exact in all his dealings, and when, after his death, a brother called upon all those having claims against him to present them at once, there was not a single response. Up to the day of his death in 1874, he refused to take seven per cent. interest, when the law allowed only six.

PERSONAL.

Col. T. W. Higginson, since the death of his wife, has broken up his home in Newport, and lives with his sister in Cambridge.

"Petroleum V. Nasby" (D. R. Locke) has sold the Toledo Weekly Blade to A. P. Miller, the present editor, for $25,000 in Hayes.

Gen. Ewing is noted as having a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Blaine. He has a large head and a strong voice, and is altogether a handsome man.

Mr. George Macdonald, the writer, has gone to Italy in search of a heat part of it he is writing a new novel—it may be that it will have an Italian coloring.

Sir Francis Stanley's seat as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, there is to be a warm contest on the 23d between the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Disraeli.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray is reported to be one of the best-read Americans of his years—which number thirty-seven. He has a very remarkable memory, and has been an omnivorous reader.

George Eliot's admirers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Blackwood are about to publish two short stories from her pen which were written many years ago by her, about the same time as the inimitable "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Mr. William Black is about to begin the publication of a new novel—his seventh one, for it is called "Macleod of Dare." It will be illustrated by illustrations drawn by Millais, Fasel, Boughton and other distinguished artists.

Mrs. Hayes has a genuine liking for the White House, old-fashioned as it is. She took an old-fashioned interest in the festivities of each

NOVEMBER.

When thistle-blows do lightly float
Adown the pasture's length,
And thrill the hawk a parting note,
And creep the frost at night,
Then lofty be! though singing so,
And whistle at my ease!
There comes again the old heart pain
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the falling fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn.
Then be, hallo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down:
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill'ed hopes.

Far in the cedar's dusky aisles,
Where the new ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funeral rolls
Above the fallen leaves.
And lip, hip, be! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain:
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
And call the wet sheep in;
And let their stampless clatter fill
The barn with warming din.
And ho, fish be! though it is so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home.

—The Atlantic Monthly.

DOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER," "NORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED-TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Lisbeth was very penitent when Dot called on her after breakfast.

"You know I did not like to appear jealous about the work when they seemed so cross at your wanting to give up the morning to me, Dot."

Dot did not say how very different her impression had been as to Lisbeth's behavior, but she did not encourage her playful chatter as usual, and they worked very busily till noon, and then Lisbeth put her hat on and walked back to the Vicarage with Dot. She told her as they walked along of Jack's sudden determination to set off on Saturday.

"He has gone to Harbington this morning to make all preparations, and mamma does not know. I dread to think of her hearing."

"It is only shortening the parting hours," said Dot, with a little sigh.

Dot could not prevail on Lisbeth to come in; a sudden shyness had seized her, and she ran back along the lane, declaring that her mother wanted her. But she needed not have feared to meet Rex. He had gone off for a long solitary walk, and Dot found the house empty. Mary had gone to the schools, and the Vicar was taking part in a Dedication Service in the next parish.

Dot lunched alone, and then made some attention in the pretty evening dress she was to wear at the local master's dance the next day. It was then nearly three o'clock, and she put on her broad garden hat and went down into the garden. The sun was hot on the paths, but she found a pleasant shady spot under the large beech by the gate, and she sat there, looking up into the green world of leaves, thinking of many things.

Jack, long miserably back from Harbington, caught a glimpse of her white dress through the hedge and stopped at the gate, lingering a moment to catch one look from the eyes so dear to him, and then he let the latch and the sudden silence, and looked towards the gate, knowing she should see Jack.

Emboldened by her smile—Dot could not help smiling, as he was going away so soon—he lifted the latch.

"May I come in, Miss Dorothy?" he asked.

"Oh, do!" Dorothy jumped up and joined him on the path as she spoke. "Lisbeth told me this morning that you were going away on Saturday."

"Did she? She had no right to do so. I wanted to go away without saying one good-bye—I could not bear to say that."

"Good-bye, God be with you," said Dot—"I should not have liked to miss saying that to you, Mr. Murphy."

"Thank you?"

There was something so intensely bitter in his tone that Dot felt frightened, but she was determined to keep up the ball rolling a way beyond the greensward into the gravel square before the school-house.

"How Dot's heart beat as the cheers of Arthur's friends rang through the air at his brilliant play, and the score went up steadily near the great tent! He was still "in" when luncheon-time came. Dot's wistful eyes called him to her side, and he went to her at once.

"You will sit by me?" she asked in a low voice; and at his answering look she turned to Jack sweetly, with:

"Mr. Murphy would you let Mr. Elleden have your place? I am afraid there is not room for all, and he must be so tired."

Jack, of course, made room at once, and walked away in the slight answer, disregarding Arthur's polite remonstrance.

"I am afraid that was rather unkind to poor Mr. Murphy," said Arthur, taking the vacant place.

"You see he did not know that you always sit by me at the cricket-luncheons, Arthur. Why, it would be strange indeed to see you anywhere else. I should feel lost that I was not Dot any more, nor you Arthur, and that this was a miserable world not worth living in."

"Dot! Ah, you are Dot still!"

It was half a question, and yet Arthur felt very much as if he could not eat his luncheon, and talked over the chances of the day, as in old times.

"Remember my waltzes," he said to her in a whisper, as the cheering died away in the crush while the people passed out of the tent.

"Yes,"—she answered softly.

"And Dot—Dot?"—"Yes?"

"You'll dance with Mr. Murphy," he said, looking at her with her eyes. "Promise me dear?"

"Not one dance, Arthur?"

"No, not one. I don't believe in my happiness if you promise me that."

"You ought to be more generous," said Dot playfully, but blushing at what her words implied.

Arthur had no more time, for the tent was clearing, and they had to pass out, and then Arthur went back to the wickets, and the day's work proceeded. Dot was very happy, though she could not account for her troubled fits of misery, and kept near her, saying nothing, but looking, poor fellow, most miserable.

Arthur sat by her at dinner, bright and playful as of old. The table near them was crowded with his school contemporaries, whose faces were familiar to Dot, and the talk was of nothing but the dear old school days. Yet Dot was glad when the dinner was over, and they all separated to dress for the dance.

She felt sure that all would be made clear between Arthur and herself that evening, and that that happy day would be the beginning of a beautiful new life. She dressed very quickly, and went down into the school-house garden to escape from Margaret's bitter remarks.

It was very cool and quiet there, and Dot paced up and down the familiar path for a long time, with her pretty white dress gathered daintily round her. A high hedge of laurel divided the garden from the gravel path that led to the school-house door, and by it was a seat in the deep shadow, an old oak bench cut and worn by many mischievous boys. Dot sat down here, and listened dreamily to the carriages rolling up.

Suddenly a name struck on her ear which roused her attention, and she peeped through the branches. A man was standing on the steps talking to the porter.

"No, you needn't trouble Mr. Murphy just now. I will wait till afterwards. What time will it be over?"

The porter replied, and evidently invited the stranger to come into the servants' room and have some dinner, for Dot heard the answer—

"No, I will go over to his house and wait there, thank you."

He hurried away, and Dot sank back on her chair with a great trembling at her heart. She had not the faintest doubt as to the meaning of what she had heard. The messenger had come to take Jack to prison. What could she do? Dot had not time to think, for Mary's voice called her at that moment, and Dot had to join her and go into the gaily-lighted hall.

There were two quadrilles first that Dot danced with old friends of her father's, and then came one of Arthur's waltzes. He was making his way towards her, when Dot found Jack by her side, bidding her good-bye.

"I am going now," he said. "I can't bear this any longer."

Dot was desperate. She looked up at him with a wild beseeching look.

"Don't—don't go. Oh, Mr. Murphy—Jack—please stay!"

Jack's face flushed with utter surprise and delight.

"Do you want to drive me mad with your ragiest? You have not spoken to me all day. Do you want me to stay? Let me dance with you, then, Dot. Come, this dance."

Dot had no time to think; she stood up, and, with a wistful look at Arthur, who was close to her now, gave her hand to Jack and was whirled away. But she suddenly turned faint before she had gone round the room twice, as in a dream she saw Arthur's white face and the passionate anger of his eyes.

"Take me into the garden," she whispered to Jack; and he led her tenderly out and placed her in a chair out of the glare of the lamps, in the cool air.

He began to talk to her in wild loving words, bending over her with his hand clasping hers; but Dot stopped him, and hurriedly explained her reason for begging him not to go home. Poor Jack! It was a terrible downfall of all his hopes, but he bore it better than might have been expected.

"And so you care a little what happens to me, Dot. I don't?"

"Oh, Jack, you do! Your life—your real life—is only just beginning. Don't throw it away—don't go home again. Go straight to Paris to-night, and get away from that horrible man."

"Dot, I shall never see you again if I go," said Jack, hesitatingly. "My darling, you will never know how I loved you! Oh, I cannot bear it!"

He left her, and walked across the garden once, and came back with stern resolve on his face.

"I will go. The train leaves in an hour. Give me one more dance, Dot—I hear the music now. I shall never ask you anything again."

"And you will go?"

"Yes. For you—it doesn't matter to me. But let me have this one dance—it isn't much to ask."

The music for another waltz had just begun, and Dot acreed, with keenest pity for poor Jack. Arthur would understand how it was when she told him, and they went back together, and Dot resigned the waltz with Jack. He took her to Mary when it was over, and clasped her hand with one long warm pressure. "Good-bye, good-bye?" and then he was gone.

Dot watched and waited anxiously, and kept all her waltzes free, but he did not appear again She went across to him at last, who had a pleasant nook by the great lady of the room—Lady Mountshire.

Margaret, do you know where Arthur is?"

Margaret's cold blue eyes met hers calmly.

"He is gone home, Dot. You at least should not be surprised."

Dot said no more to Margaret. He was at home, and she would see him next day; and she began to count the hours. The dance-wear over early, and they drove back through the cold dark lanes. Dot half hoped Arthur would be waiting up for them, but there was no sign of him. Her confession must be made the next morning.

As the dawn broke she fell into a feverish sleep that lasted only an hour or two, and she was down before the rest of the household. But, early as it was, the front door was unbarred, and two notes lay on the little marble slab at the foot of the stairs. One was for Arthur's writing. She tore it open with a sudden chill striking through her.

"I owe you no explanation after your behavior of last night," it said; "but I cannot leave the old home, where I have been so happy, without begging Heaven to bless you, Dot. I may not see you again for years; may Heaven bless and guard you, my dear!"

And Dot, reading it in the morning brightness, wept over the tender love and kindness in the reproachful words.

CHAPTER XI. AND LAST.

Arthur's sudden departure was the chief subject of conversation at the breakfast-table, though Rex was too angry with Dot to mention it. But Margaret talked of it incessantly, and Dot fired up at her bitter words.

"I shall not defend myself to you, Margaret; I owe no explanation to anybody but Arthur and I shall write to him. It is a most foolish misunderstanding."

"I don't think any one could misunderstand your behavior, Dot."

"I decline to discuss the matter at all," retorted Dot indignantly.

The servant broke in on the conversation here with a note for the Vicar.

"Dear me" he exclaimed. "What wonderful news! Dot, Murphy's dead. Mr. Murphy's dead! has just died, and he is heir to the title and estate. A servant was sent across with a letter. Dear, dear me! And Mrs. Murphy wants me to come down at once. I am very glad her troubles are over in the way of money matters."

Dot made no remark at all. She was glad that Jack would be able to stay in England, as he was, and that his fortune was assured, but a dercurrent of her thoughts. Her letter to Arthur filled her mind, and she hastened to her room directly after breakfast to write it.

It took her some time, but at last it was finished to her satisfaction, and she ran down with it herself to the little post in the village.

"Have you written to Arthur?" asked Margaret, meeting her.

"Yes," replied Dot. "He had a perfect right to be angry with me, as things looked, but I have explained it all."

The letters were taken from the village to Harbington by an old pensioner of the Vicar's, who started about noon in a little donkey-cart, and reached Harbington late in the afternoon. That day, as he passed the corner near the Vicarage, Margaret was waiting for him.

"There is some mistake about a letter you have, Hodge. Let me have your bag for a moment."

Hodge was quite inacdent of committing any breach of trust as he took the letters out of the bag and allowed Margaret to pick out Dot's. She took it, looked at it, and compared it with one she took from her pocket.

"Ah, the address is all right! Thanks." And she put the letters back; but it was a letter of her own to Arthur that she threw into the bag. Dot's she kept, and when Hodge had passed she tore it, without breaking the seal, into tiny shreds, and scattered them in the brook that ran by the path.

Day after day passed, and Dot waited for the answer that never came. She never mentioned Arthur's name, and by tacit consent it dropped out of the conversation. Rex went back to college without speaking to Dot, and without proposing to Lisbeth, who would most likely have refused him in the blush of their new interest.

They telegraphed to Paris for Jack, and he came back to the cottage for a time.

And the weary weeks dragged by. In afteryears Dot could never bear to think of them; she had troubles to bear in her life afterwards, but never any misery like that she endured in those long Summer days.

Now that Arthur had gone, and there was no engagement between him and Dot, Jack could not help hoping again, though he knew what nobody else seemed to guess—how dearly Dot loved her old friend. But he hoped still, and lingered at the cottage, encouraged by the Vicar, who, unwordly as he was, would have liked to see his beautiful Dot make such a brilliant marriage as a marriage with Jack would be But Dot was not conscious of the future Jack and her father planned for her. Her heart was so wholly given to Arthur that it seemed impossible that any one could think of her marrying any one else. It was true he had not answered her letter, and Dot could not write again; but she did not lose her trust in him. She began to think that she had been greatly in fault, and that he was right in being so angry. And yet he might have written.

How often, night after night, Dot went over all again, till with an aching brow and throbbing feverish pains she fell asleep in the days of long restlessness Lisbeth and Rex returned. Lisbeth and Mrs. Murphy had left the village, but Jack was still there, spending all his time almost at the Vicarage.

But Rex's return he asked Dot to stay in the garden a moment, after Jack had bidden them good-bye at the gate and the others had gone in.

"Dot, I have been feeling faint all day, with a strange aching sensation in every limb, but she turned back with Rex into the garden, glad to be asked to talk with him on any subject. Rex was in a bitter mood. Lisbeth's behavior had hurt his pride, though he had never loved her much; but he was not likely to be considerate for the brother when the sister had been so cruel.

"I will not have that fellow hanging about here," he broke forth to Dot. "Let him come to the point, and, if you choose to be 'my lady,' you can please yourself; but it seems to me—"

"Oh, Rex!"

Dot's pitiful cry touched him to the heart, and his tender brotherly arms were around her in a moment.

"My darling, darling sister, don't you see I am angry because I love you so much? What has made you so ill, so changed? Tell me all about it, Dot."

But Dot had burst into an hysterical passion of weeping, and he could only take her in-doors and call his sisters. She was quieter after a time, and Mary declined her to come to her room and go to bed.

"I think you should go for Doctor Haydon, Rex," she said, when at last Dot had fallen asleep, and had ceased the wails with Jack. He took her to Mary when it was over, and clasped her hand with one long warm pressure. "Good-bye, good-bye?" and then he was gone.

Dot watched and waited anxiously, and kept all her waltzes free, but he did not appear again She went across to him at last, who had a pleasant nook by the great lady of the room—Lady Mountshire.

"Margaret, do you know where Arthur is?"

Margaret's cold blue eyes met hers calmly.

"He is gone home, Dot. You at least should not be surprised."

Dot said no more to Margaret. He was at home, and she would see him next day; and she began to count the hours. The dance-wear over early, and they drove back through the cold dark lanes. Dot half hoped Arthur would be waiting up for them, but there was no sign of him. Her confession must be made the next morning.

As the dawn broke she fell into a feverish sleep that lasted only an hour or two, and she was down before the rest of the household. But, early as it was, the front door was unbarred, and two notes lay on the little marble slab at the foot of the stairs. One was for Arthur's writing. She tore it open with a sudden chill striking through her.

"I owe you no explanation after your behavior of last night," it said; "but I cannot leave the old home, where I have been so happy, without begging Heaven to bless you, Dot. I may not see you again for years; may Heaven bless and guard you, my dear!"

And Dot, reading it in the morning brightness, wept over the tender love and kindness in the reproachful words.

CHAPTER XI. AND LAST.

Arthur's sudden departure was the chief subject of conversation at the breakfast-table, though Rex was too angry with Dot to mention it. But Margaret talked of it incessantly, and Dot fired up at her bitter words.

"I shall not defend myself to you, Margaret; I owe no explanation to anybody but Arthur and I shall write to him. It is a most foolish misunderstanding."

"I don't think any one could misunderstand your behavior, Dot."

"I decline to discuss the matter at all," retorted Dot indignantly.

The servant broke in on the conversation here with a note for the Vicar.

"Dear me" he exclaimed. "What wonderful news! Dot, Murphy's dead. Mr. Murphy's dead! has just died, and he is heir to the title and estate. A servant was sent across with a letter. Dear, dear me! And Mrs. Murphy wants me to come down at once. I am very glad her troubles are over in the way of money matters."

Dot made no remark at all. She was glad that Jack would be able to stay in England, as he was, and that his fortune was assured, but a dercurrent of her thoughts. Her letter to Arthur filled her mind, and she hastened to her room directly after breakfast to write it.

It took her some time, but at last it was finished to her satisfaction, and she ran down with it herself to the little post in the village.

"Have you written to Arthur?" asked Margaret, meeting her.

"Yes," replied Dot. "He had a perfect right to be angry with me, as things looked, but I have explained it all."

The letters were taken from the village to Harbington by an old pensioner of the Vicar's, who started about noon in a little donkey-cart, and reached Harbington late in the afternoon. That day, as he passed the corner near the Vicarage, Margaret was waiting for him.

"There is some mistake about a letter you have, Hodge. Let me have your bag for a moment."

Hodge was quite inacdent of committing any breach of trust as he took the letters out of the bag and allowed Margaret to pick out Dot's. She took it, looked at it, and compared it with one she took from her pocket.

"Ah, the address is all right! Thanks." And she put the letters back; but it was a letter of her own to Arthur that she threw into the bag. Dot's she kept, and when Hodge had passed she tore it, without breaking the seal, into tiny shreds, and scattered them in the brook that ran by the path.

Day after day passed, and Dot waited for the answer that never came. She never mentioned Arthur's name, and by tacit consent it dropped out of the conversation. Rex went back to college without speaking to Dot, and without proposing to Lisbeth, who would most likely have refused him in the blush of their new interest.

They telegraphed to Paris for Jack, and he came back to the cottage for a time.

And the weary weeks dragged by. In afteryears Dot could never bear to think of them; she had troubles to bear in her life afterwards, but never any misery like that she endured in those long Summer days.

Now that Arthur had gone, and there was no engagement between him and Dot, Jack could not help hoping again, though he knew what nobody else seemed to guess—how dearly Dot loved her old friend. But he hoped still, and lingered at the cottage, encouraged by the Vicar, who, unwordly as he was, would have liked to see his beautiful Dot make such a brilliant marriage as a marriage with Jack would be But Dot was not conscious of the future Jack and her father planned for her. Her heart was so wholly given to Arthur that it seemed impossible that any one could think of her marrying any one else. It was true he had not answered her letter, and Dot could not write again; but she did not lose her trust in him. She began to think that she had been greatly in fault, and that he was right in being so angry. And yet he might have written.

How often, night after night, Dot went over all again, till with an aching brow and throbbing feverish pains she fell asleep in the days of long restlessness Lisbeth and Rex returned. Lisbeth and Mrs. Murphy had left the village, but Jack was still there, spending all his time almost at the Vicarage.

But Rex's return he asked Dot to stay in the garden a moment, after Jack had bidden them good-bye at the gate and the others had gone in.

"Dot, I have been feeling faint all day, with a strange aching sensation in every limb, but she turned back with Rex into the garden, glad to be asked to talk with him on any subject.

THE DEAD DOLL.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my baby is dead!

"There's no use in saying she isn't, with a couch like this just here and the cradle it wouldn't have much to have And, after, when that man went pulled my head off, and I thought I should die, too!

"And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you see me cry, but you treated it with glee,

As if I hadn't known better than that! Why, just suppose it was yours!

You would be quite as much astonished—but what do I care for looks?

Why, there's the dress and tables and toys and the books of books!

"My baby! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the queerest thing!

It just makes me choke to think of the sound when her poor head went whack!

Against that horrid floor! and a thing that holds up the dead

Now, there! I'm not to blame, you remind me! I know that I did it myself!

"I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head,

What good would fussy heads do her? I tell you her baby is dead!

And to think I don't quite finished her elegant new darling hat!

And I long to see the ribbon others last night to tie on that horrid cat!

"When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—

She said to me, most expressly, 'Here's a ribbon for Grosvenor's cat.'

And I went and put it on Tabby and Hildegarde saw me do it,

But I said to myself, 'Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knows it.'

"Now I know that she knows it now, and I just believe I have,

That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head, of course,

Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been for you!

For you let it ever soon over, and it isn't cracked a bit.

"And since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course.

To well take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse.

And I'll walk behind in my crape, and we'll put her in the little box now—

Not in the coffin—and we'll bury her there out under the maple tree.

"And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one for Uncle Sir'ard,

And he'll put what he has time on it—yes, every single word!

I shall cry. How the Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead,

She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head.

A Worm I' the Bud.

There are some people who have, so to speak, a talent for self-surrender. There are others again, who, if they never themselves to an act of self-immolation, make themselves so intensely disagreeable in consequence as completely may the effect. There are different degrees of affinity between Duty and her votaries.

Courtney Van Der Walt was about to do what she considered her duty. She was agreeing to be no more of a young man whom she had endowed with all manner of ideal perfections but her mother disapproved of Richard Carroll, and, from her standpoint, with reason in the disapproval.

Richard inhabited the region of Bohemia, and Mrs. Van Der Walt disliked the latitude. She considered it a great waste of time for a daughter of hers to spend a morning listening to Mr. Carroll's manuscript verses, or an evening practicing duets with him. It was all nonsense and what Mrs. Van Der Walt had said a thing for all nonsense others was an end of it.

The hot humiliated down Courtney's cheeks as she stood in front of the grate and stared in at the red coals, and listened to her mother's views. She did not look at her, for fear that she meant to accept them. It was her mother who uttered them. Her obedience to her mother's wishes was her paramount obligation. But still she did not yield precipitately.

It was with a hard, dry voice that she said: "Very well. I will not see Mr. Carroll again. I would rather have him turned from the door than to admit him and have him find out he is unwelcome." And she rang the bell; thinking. "I am glad he never told me in so many words he loves me, and that he can't be sure I care for him."

Then to the servant who answered her summons, "I expect Mr. Carroll here this morning. When he comes, say that I beg to be excused. And say this whenever he comes after this."

Said Uncle Ralph, wondering, "Yes, Miss." He so wondered. In truth, that he took occasion to put on coal and rake the fire down, in hopes of gleaning some explanation of this strange order, from the conversation of his ladies. But Courtney was mute, and Mrs. Van Der Walt went on with her novel, and the servitor withdrew.

Of course Courtney could have smoothed matters over, and dismissed Mr. Carroll glad safely; but there was a little matter of pride about her which courted catastrophes. As a natural sequence, those were preceded and supplemented by dual calms, stagnant as to emotion and freezing.

She waited, standing erect and wretched, in front of the grate, until Mr. Carroll had come and gone; then she went upstairs, put on her hat and cloak and walked until she was ready to drop. She wanted to sleep that night.

At exit Courtney from the back parlor, enter her sister Linda. Rosalind was the name given her. She is, upon the whole, not so handsome as Courtney; but then to-day Courtney is not in her best looks. And Linda would have borne away the palm from her anywhere. Linda is graceful and slight, and well dressed always; whereas the taking with Courtney are ties exceptions to the rule.

Linda is on admirable terms with life; she is gay, she is vivacious; she comes into the room with her head erect and her eyes ready to into a beaming smile, and with—shall I say?—the well-accented walk of the period. She dropped into a chair now, and drew off her gloves.

"Where is Courtney, mother dear? I met Mr. Carroll coming away from here."

"Courtney very sensibly refused herself to Mr. Carroll."

Mrs. Van Der Walt did not look up from her book.

Linda's face relaxed. Her mobile mouth twitched a little nervously. She pushed up her veil, showed a tendency to say that the very delicate color on her cheeks was also an unwavering color.

"Don't you think that it is a pity, mother, dear?"

"Courtney is capable of deciding for herself in these things. Besides, it is a great deal better to get rid of this young man's attentions if she is going to be unconcerned in the matter."

"Do you think that Courtney Carroll is in love with Courtney?"

"I think he would be if she would allow it."

Linda stretched up to the mirror and studied the effect of her hat without a veil. On reflection she planted it on again, over her bright, wavy chestnut hair and laughing blue eyes. Perhaps there was a touch more color than usual in her face to-day. Then she unpinned a little bouquet from the front of her polonaise, and leaning over her mother's chair, gave it to her with a kiss.

"There's a tea-rose for it. I know you like tea-roses" she said.

Linda had caught sight of a bill in her mother's well-thumbed purse out in character's to her, and flattered. She desired to possess any reference to the subject by her mother's good graces.

"Thank you, Miss Van Der Walt, said, "Thank you." Then, presently, "I shall be glad to speak to you, Linda. It is quite a bill—Sixty-three Trifle & Co. Is it correct?" And she displayed to you. I have no doubt it is correct, but you can look it over if you like."

Linda gave her head a little toss, as if in and with those constant drains upon me—"

"I am very sorry," Linda said, humbly. "Really, I had not the faintest notion it would be so much; and I thought I could pay it out of my allowance, but I can't now. Miss Sever charged me so shamelessly for those bad dresses she made me," Linda added. "I am so sorry;" and it kissed her mother again, in a coaxing way that was very telling.

Mrs. Van Der Walt relented, and returned the kiss. However, she added, "There is another thing, Linda, I do wish you would not flirt as you do. And girls who flirt never marry. A girl a man flirts with he is pretty sure not to ask to marry him."

"Oh, dear!" Linda gave a somewhat artificial, yet a light-hearted laugh. "You don't know how hard I try not to. Well, darling, I'll make you a promise. I won't flirt for a month. Will that relieve your mind?"

"I'll see whether you keep it, first." But Mrs. Van Der Walt was thawed. She laid down her book. "Tell me where you have been this morning."

Linda gave her a sketchy account of her adventures. She was very clever and amusing. Her mother enjoyed her good times almost as much as the girl had done herself.

That evening Osmond Sylvester called. Mrs. Van Der Walt and Linda were in the parlor Courtney, on being solicited, made her appearance after a behaviorly interval. Meanwhile, Linda and the guest had begun a game of cribbage. Courtney produced a shawl bag she was embroidering, and indignified as it may have been, reviewed the scoring and smiled.

After awhile, General Sylvester contrived to push cribbage to the wall and engage in general conversation. It was not long before he had narrowed the conversation down to a tete-a-tete between himself and Courtney. There was a formation in trying to make her look up at him with those splendid, flashing dark light eyes of hers. He succeeded in telling Courtney into a better humor by the end of the evening.

"He is a very agreeable man," said Mrs. Van Der Walt, when he had gone.

"Talks too much," said Linda, yawning, walking across the room meanwhile, and looking back over her shoulder to observe the effect of her words.

"Oh, that's only because he does not talk to you," remonstrated Mrs. Van Der Walt, who could rarely resist the temptation to sting even her favorite daughter.

"Poker?" cried Linda, laughing. "As if I cared! I don't want to talk to him."

But Linda did care. She had made up her mind being at this time twenty-one, that she would be better married. And, upon the whole, General Sylvester was the most eligible person she knew of. He had money and position and brains. Linda was ambitious. She had never intended to throw herself away, as Courtney desired to do.

However, General Sylvester made no secret of his preference for Courtney. He called to take her to drive. He sent her flowers; he brought her books to read. Upon the whole, Courtney liked him. It would have been hard to dislike so polished and consummate a man of the world.

Once day he brought a new magazine, and finding Courtney out, stopped to exchange words with Linda, who was lost in the depths of an easy chair, reading the last novel. Linda snatched out her hand for the monthly in hand.

"Ah!" she said, "Courtney will like to see this," laying the paper open. "Richard Carroll's own know. It seems to be a serial. Have you read it?"

"No; I prefer——" Here he said what all of us say about serials, and then turn around and look at the end before reading. "Is Mr. Carroll a friend of Miss Courtney's?"

"A friend? Well, a little more than kind and less than his might express it. But Courtney would not like my saying that. Forget it."

"This seems to be well written," turning over a page.

"Oh, yes Richard Carroll is very clever—very. That is the reason Courtney likes him. She has always said that she is appointed to sooner through her head then her heart."

That was only a suggestion. But you have remarked that a suggestion that her once struck root spreads and grows. A thousand little affinities develop themselves in the soil.

Remarks, hints that would have passed unnoticed before, put on fresh meaning now. Not many days passed before General Sylvester became familiar with the notion that Richard Carroll was Courtney Van Der Walt's favored lover.

He and Courtney had had an engagement of long standing to take a drive of six miles or so into the country, to pay a visit to a friend. This expedition had been put off from day to day, and week to week, owing to bad weather and bad roads.

Finally, however, the day was fixed, and at the appointed hour General Sylvester made his appearance. But Uncle Ralph, after making a futile source for Courtney, returned with the expression of his opinion that she had stepped out.

"I will wait a while," said General Sylvester, broken by this time to the ways of young ladies in general and of this young lady in particular, who was no more punctual than accorded with the traditions of her sex.

But having waited twenty minutes, to him entered—not Courtney, the Indifferent, but Linda, the Smiling.

"Can you give me an account of your sister?" he enquired. "We have a twelve-miles ride to accomplish before dark, and she has not put in an appearance. Uncle Ralph says she is out."

"Is it possible she has forgotten her engagement with you? Was it an engagement?"

"I was under that impression."

"I have just come from the Art Gallery. I went there with Mary Hood to see Gerome's picture that is on exhibition. You haven't seen it? It's very fine. Richard Carroll was there, prowling about among the pictures. He came up to me and asked me what had become of Courtney. I said the last I had seen of her she was eating her second roll at breakfast. Then he waxed wrathy; said he had an engagement to meet her at the Art Gallery at one, and here he was, and here she wasn't. Just as if it was my fault."

And Linda laughed and pulled off her gloves and loosened them at the table.

General Sylvester rose.

"I imagine that Miss Courtney is fulfilling her engagement with Mr. Carroll by this time."

"Yes, I conclude so. Idealare it's abominable, though, that Courtney should have forgotten you."

"It has probably been a misunderstanding," said General Sylvester, rising.

Linda extended her pretty white hand with an air of depreciation, as who should say:

"I'm afraid you will think us all very rude people."

She even accompanied General Sylvester to the parlor door; nay, when he opened the door she strolled out and stood on the threshold, with her hand up to her eyes to keep off the glare of the sun.

"What a very lovely day it is," said she, softly.

It was one of those rare, soft April days, full of prophecies. On the sidewalk he turned to look.

"Does time hang heavy on your hands, or it does on mine, Miss Linda? Won't you drive with me?"

Linda accepted readily.

"Oh, thank you. You are very good. I would love to go."

She was equipped for the street, so he helped her in then and there, and a charming drive they had.

General Sylvester was in a mood to appreciate Linda. He said to himself, after bidding her adieu, that she suited the day—so fresh, so artless, so bright.

Courtney was playing an air from Norma as Linda came in from her drive. Linda went straight into the parlor.

"Oh, Courtney! There you are! Where on earth have you been? General Sylvester waited and waited. At last he gave you up. Then he drove me a little way."

It was detained. I went to take some jelly to old Mrs. Hood and she was not in; that detained; and she begged me to stay to read to her, and I stayed longer than I realized, until I looked at my watch on my way home."

"Richard Carroll called, and returned the kiss. However, she added, "There is another thing, Linda, I do wish you would not flirt as you do. And girls who flirt never marry. A girl a man flirts with he is pretty sure not to ask to marry him."

"Oh, dear!" Linda gave a somewhat artificial, yet a light-hearted laugh. "You don't know how hard I try not to. Well, darling, I'll make you a promise. I won't flirt for a month. Will that relieve your mind?"

"I'll see whether you keep it, first." But Mrs. Van Der Walt was thawed. She laid down her book. "Tell me where you have been this morning."

Linda gave her a sketchy account of her adventures. She was very clever and amusing. Her mother enjoyed her good times almost as much as the girl had done herself.

That evening Osmond Sylvester called. Mrs. Van Der Walt and Linda were in the parlor Courtney, on being solicited, made her appearance after a behaviorly interval. Meanwhile, Linda and the guest had begun a game of cribbage. Courtney produced a shawl bag she was embroidering, and indignified as it may have been, reviewed the scoring and smiled.

After awhile, General Sylvester contrived to push cribbage to the wall and engage in general conversation. It was not long before he had narrowed the conversation down to a tete-a-tete between himself and Courtney. There was a formation in trying to make her look up at him with those splendid, flashing dark light eyes of hers. He succeeded in telling Courtney into a better humor by the end of the evening.

"He is a very agreeable man," said Mrs. Van Der Walt, when he had gone.

"Talks too much," said Linda, yawning, walking across the room meanwhile, and looking back over her shoulder to observe the effect of her words.

"Oh, that's only because he does not talk to you," remonstrated Mrs. Van Der Walt, who could rarely resist the temptation to sting even her favorite daughter.

"Poker?" cried Linda, laughing. "As if I cared! I don't want to talk to him."

But Linda did care. She had made up her mind being at this time twenty-one, that she would be better married. And, upon the whole, General Sylvester was the most eligible person she knew of. He had money and position and brains. Linda was ambitious. She had never intended to throw herself away, as Courtney desired to do.

However, General Sylvester made no secret of his preference for Courtney. He called to take her to drive. He sent her flowers; he brought her books to read. Upon the whole, Courtney liked him. It would have been hard to dislike so polished and consummate a man of the world.

Once day he brought a new magazine, and finding Courtney out, stopped to exchange words with Linda, who was lost in the depths of an easy chair, reading the last novel. Linda snatched out her hand for the monthly in hand.

"Ah!" she said, "Courtney will like to see this," laying the paper open. "Richard Carroll's own know. It seems to be a serial. Have you read it?"

"No; I prefer——" Here he said what all of us say about serials, and then turn around and look at the end before reading. "Is Mr. Carroll a friend of Miss Courtney's?"

"A friend? Well, a little more than kind and less than his might express it. But Courtney would not like my saying that. Forget it."

"This seems to be well written," turning over a page.

"Oh, yes Richard Carroll is very clever—very. That is the reason Courtney likes him. She has always said that she is appointed to sooner through her head then her heart."

That was only a suggestion. But you have remarked that a suggestion that her once struck root spreads and grows. A thousand little affinities develop themselves in the soil.

Remarks, hints that would have passed unnoticed before, put on fresh meaning now. Not many days passed before General Sylvester became familiar with the notion that Richard Carroll was Courtney Van Der Walt's favored lover.

He and Courtney had had an engagement of long standing to take a drive of six miles or so into the country, to pay a visit to a friend. This expedition had been put off from day to day, and week to week, owing to bad weather and bad roads.

Finally, however, the day was fixed, and at the appointed hour General Sylvester made his appearance. But Uncle Ralph, after making a futile source for Courtney, returned with the expression of his opinion that she had stepped out.

"I will wait a while," said General Sylvester, broken by this time to the ways of young ladies in general and of this young lady in particular, who was no more punctual than accorded with the traditions of her sex.

But having waited twenty minutes, to him entered—not Courtney, the Indifferent, but Linda, the Smiling.

"Can you give me an account of your sister?" he enquired. "We have a twelve-miles ride to accomplish before dark, and she has not put in an appearance. Uncle Ralph says she is out."

"Is it possible she has forgotten her engagement with you? Was it an engagement?"

"I was under that impression."

"I have just come from the Art Gallery. I went there with Mary Hood to see Gerome's picture that is on exhibition. You haven't seen it? It's very fine. Richard Carroll was there, prowling about among the pictures. He came up to me and asked me what had become of Courtney. I said the last I had seen of her she was eating her second roll at breakfast. Then he waxed wrathy; said he had an engagement to meet her at the Art Gallery at one, and here he was, and here she wasn't. Just as if it was my fault."

And Linda laughed and pulled off her gloves and loosened them at the table.

General Sylvester rose.

"I imagine that Miss Courtney is fulfilling her engagement with Mr. Carroll by this time."

"Yes, I conclude so. Idealare it's abominable, though, that Courtney should have forgotten you."

"It has probably been a misunderstanding," said General Sylvester, rising.

Linda extended her pretty white hand with an air of depreciation, as who should say:

"I'm afraid you will think us all very rude people."

She even accompanied General Sylvester to the parlor door; nay, when he opened the door she strolled out and stood on the threshold, with her hand up to her eyes to keep off the glare of the sun.

"What a very lovely day it is," said she, softly.

It was one of those rare, soft April days, full of prophecies. On the sidewalk he turned to look.

"Does time hang heavy on your hands, or it does on mine, Miss Linda? Won't you drive with me?"

Linda accepted readily.

"Oh, thank you. You are very good. I would love to go."

She was equipped for the street, so he helped her in then and there, and a charming drive they had.

General Sylvester was in a mood to appreciate Linda. He said to himself, after bidding her adieu, that she suited the day—so fresh, so artless, so bright.

Courtney was playing an air from Norma as Linda came in from her drive. Linda went straight into the parlor.

"Oh, Courtney! There you are! Where on earth have you been? General Sylvester waited and waited. At last he gave you up. Then he drove me a little way."

It was detained. I went to take some jelly to old Mrs. Hood and she was not in; that detained; and she begged me to stay to read to her, and I stayed longer than I realized, until I looked at my watch on my way home."

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Mr. Elliott no longer doubted for a moment that he held in his hands the clue to Philip's parentage, but how he should ever bear such an intricate fields was an enigma to him. He was certain that Maitland could never have carried out his purpose without accomplice other than the miller, but where should he go to find them, after so many years had elapsed? If he could persuade Bunting to tell the truth, if the man could be led to see the infamy he would bring to his family when all this rascality should be brought to light, and if he promised him immunity from all blame perhaps he might be induced to make a clean breast of it and tell enough to substantiate Philip's claim to the name and estate of his parents. Always rate it was worth the trying, and he would see him again before he left. This idea was more easily determined on than put in practice, for the miller was not to be found at home from the room, had shut himself up and would not be seen by anyone. Thus baffled in his design, Mr. Elliott decided to drive further on, and stop as he returned.

Bunting's watchful, had been watching from a window for Mr. Elliott's departure, and as soon as he had left the house, came out from his retreat, and re-entered the room where the interview between them had taken place. But what a change had come over him! His upright form was bent, a woe and weary look was upon his countenance, and he trembled as he walked like an aged man. He closed and locked the door, he seated himself before a desk which he unlocked, and removed from a recess a package of papers neatly bound together with red tape.

After tugging at the string for a minute, and finding that the knot would not yield to his efforts, he impatiently cut it with his pen-knife. He was evidently passing through a hard experience as he read over the many writings that lay before him, for he ground his teeth and knitted his brow, and occasionally muttered to himself some unintelligible words. At last, having finished, he replaced part of the papers in their old resting-place, and, gathering the remainder in his hands, tore them to pieces, and threw them on the burning grate, carefully watching that nothing should escape the flames. Then, reseating himself, with a new sheet of paper before him, he quickly filled it with writing, to which he put his signature, folded and directed it to Mr. Elliott, and, placing that also in the recess, shut and locked the desk and went out into the room where Lucy was laying the cloth for dinner.

The girl was frightened at his appearance, and, leaving her work, turned towards him as she cried: "Oh! papa, you are ill; lie down on the sofa and rest. But he only took her hand, and, drawing her close to his side, folded his arms tenderly about her.

"I have been a bad father to you, my poor little darling," he said, "but it is all over now. Do not worry about Philip; he is safe from all harm, and I sincerely rejoice that it is so. I'm going on a journey, Lucy, but will soon be back, and all will be well."

"Oh! papa, will our old happy times come back again? Will you bring Philip home with you?"

Her father answered her with a kiss, as he took up his hat.

"You will not go away before dinner, papa? It is quite ready now; you will want to see mamma before you go."

But the miller went out at the door, and Lucy did not see the tears gather in his eyes. She only looked at his unsteady gait and thought: "Poor, old papa! Will it ever be anything else but the mere old story?"

It seemed but a second of time after he had left her that Lucy was startled by the falling of a heavy body, and, turning to look, she beheld her father prostrate on the floor, while her mother was bending over him, wringing her hands. His journey was over, and his old home was for us another infinitely sider, for the miller was dead.

* * * * * * * *

The fractured arm made a prisoner of Philip for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Leighton paid him frequent visits, and long before the boy's convalescence a warm friendship had sprung up between them. In a family where each member is anxious to contribute to the comfort and amusement of the invalid, the latter is not likely to drag heavily along, and although Philip was anxious to resume his duties, he could not help feeling a reluctance to give up all the kind attentions so lavishly bestowed upon him.

"We shall miss you sadly, Philip," Mrs. Hopkins said, on the morning he was going with Edgar to the office. "But I have no objection to the children since you have been so invalid that there will be no end of murmurs at your desertion of them."

"We did not make him well so soon with your good nursing, mother dear?" rejoined Edgar, laughing. "The only remedy I can see for you is to persuade Phil to break his arm over again; I'm sure it would be as pleasant for you, though, old boy?" he continued, as he struck him a light tap on the shoulder.

"Don't be so sure of that!" answered Philip; "to spend the most happy months ever again would be a great temptation, should the chance offer."

There were so many good-byes to be said that the boys were a long time getting off. Each of the children had some charge to give to Edgar concerning the care to be taken of Philip, and baby Laurie had to be kissed two or three times over, before he could be persuaded to let him go.

The news of the miller's death, with a request for his immediate return, awaited Philip on his arrival at the office, and Mr. Elliott and Leighton there, waiting to have an interview with him before his departure; and his surprise was very great when, seated together in Mr. Hopkins' private room, Elliott and Leighton told him he had been a long time looking about among his friends' children for a lad who would be willing to live with a schilland that, from the time he had first met with him, he felt he was just the boy he needed. Mr. Leighton added that if, on his return to the city, he would come to him, he would be found to own him for a son, and at his death would make him his heir.

Philip was overwhelmed at this magnificent offer, for Mr. Leighton was a wealthy man, and although the answer of eighty minutes swam upon his head, his mind was unimpaired. He possessed the strength and energy of a young man, and was eminently companionable, even for a boy of Philip's years. Philip did not hesitate to lay before him, without reserve, all that had been related to him by the miller concerning his origin. Of his adoption and subsequent illtreatment, and of his protection by Mr. Elliott he also told. He further said that although Mr. Leighton's kindness and his own inclination would at once lead him to accept his offer with deep gratitude, he considered his first duty due to Mr. Elliott. He added that he did not even know whether that gentleman intended that he should return again to the city, but was certain he would not object to any arrangement having his welfare for its object. Therefore he desired to refer Mr. Leighton to Mr. Elliott for a final answer.

The interview only strengthened Mr. Leighton's desire for the boy, and pressing on Philip's acceptance a bank note of considerable value, as his benefactor's first gift, he departed, with a laddethat he would write to Mr. Elliott at once upon the subject.

Philip's preparations for his homeward journey were soon made, and although there was much sorrow with the Hopkins family at the parting, he went away laden with their good wishes.

How different were his feelings now, as he once more dashed over the road. He came an awkward inexperienced boy, who, but for the protection of Mr. Elliott, would have been friendless upon the world. Now he possessed many kind friends and he felt that the "poor-house mill-boy" had disappeared forever. With the help of Mr. Elliott and Mr. Leighton his future and fortune lay before him. He would be able to restore Lucy and her mother to their lost position, and, although a depression came over him when he thought of the miller's death, and the consequent distress of the family, so many bright anticipations were before him that even this great trouble could not completely overshadow the happiness produced by his buoyant feelings.

On his arrival, Mr. Elliott and Will were waiting for him, and the great pleasure of their meeting was only dampened by the melancholy occasion that recalled Philip to his old house. Mr. Elliott was pleased to see the improvement in his manners and appearance, while Will, with his arms about him, seemed as if he could not feel satisfied that this Philip was the same he had parted with such a short time before.

Experiment Mill and its surroundings were somehow enough when Philip, accompanied by his friends, arrived there. The great millwheel was at rest, and the house deserted in mourning. Even the sun was obscured by clouds, and the gloom that pervaded the familiar scene chilled the boy to the heart. Death and its attendant circumstances, as yet, had no unhappy experience to Philip, and it was not until he felt Lucy clinging about him, and was pressed to his mother's heart in a warm embrace, that he realized what he was actually in the same old home again.

A week passed away. The miller reposed beside his father (the poor old man who had been so ambitious for the future of his only child!) and all signs of the mill had put on their wonted appearance, when one day the family were alarmed by the reappearance of Maitland, who, in the same brusque manner as of old, demanded admittance to Bunting.

The women were terrified at the well-known sound of his hated voice.

"Oh! brother, hide yourself," cried the assisted Lucy. "That man is your bitter enemy, and he has been the cause of all our misery! Oh! hide yourself where he cannot find you!"

"I should be an arrant coward if I did that, sister. What is the use to me that I should fear him?" And, as he spoke, Philip left the room and went to the door to meet the unwelcome guest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIENTAL IDEA OF GIFTS

Among Oriental presents are not made to persons of rank and wealth for their intrinsic value, but either as a means of gaining admittance to the great personage, in order to sue for favor, or as a concession to his rank. So little are such presents valued by the wealthy monarch, that it is said, that in the majority of cases only a catalogue of their names and value is read before the throne, and the presents themselves never meet the royal eyes, but are distributed in the harems and to the subordinates of the household. The presentations are in favor of any foreign or very curious article, which in such cases he commands to be brought into his presence. The usual questions and remarks thus elicited are odd enough to Western ears; for, asked as are Oriental monarchs with regard to their acquisitions, we have seen more than one of them thrown into ecstasies at the sight of some simple piece of mechanism, solely because it was foreign, and had come a great distance.

The Shah's most valued on the Siamese throne previous to the last long evinced such eagerness to inspect the first pair of foreign eye-glasses he had ever seen, as to prove that ladies are not the sole monopolists of the article of curiosity on record. When European ladies first began to attend his levees he showed so great anxiety to examine their dresses and ornaments as to draw a child to obtain inspection of the last new toy. When one of the King's fair visitors presented him with a silver frutt-knife, the old man of seventy forgot all the dignity of age and his infirmities, and clapped his hands with as much juvenile compressment as ever did boyish delight on gaining the possession of a new riding-horse or miniature pair of spurs; and this, too, while whole dishes of gold and silver plate of every possible form thronged his gorgeous palace dining-room.

But such liastances are the exception; as a general rule, royal presents seldom meet the royal eyes. The requirements of courtly etiquette having been complied with, the presentation, the monarch feels no further interest in the matter, and even omits to inquire what was their ultimate destination. Even when a friendly visit is paid to a king by invitation, it is considered indecorous to offer anything in the form of a present. It is then the monarch's turn to bestow gifts on his guest, which he sometimes does in the most unselect fashion, especially on his favorites. Yet even those who are thus remixed, and "whom the king delighteth to honor," are not to be left to himself, are expected, when asking an audience for their own personal benefit, to put empty-handed into the presence of royalty.

If the visitor have a boon to crave, the present must be of a corresponding to the dignity or value of the favor sought, not to purchase the monarch's good will, but to evince the petitioner's estimation of the great power and position of him at the foot of whose throne the humble suppliant is laid, and to show the life-rity of appearing uninvited before the royal presence. This is but a modification of the old Persian law, that no one should enter into the presence of the monarch unbidden, unless the golden sceptre was held out to bid the supplicant approach, and, whatever may be the petition pending, or rather government matters to arrange with royalty, all are expected to bring a fresh present every time they seek an interview with the monarch in person; nor can they succeed in their object without sending in the offering that is to prepare the way.

Medical Advice.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A night or two since a citizen of Charlotte avenue, who has six girls in his alley, concluded to sit up for a few hours and see if he could detect the person or persons who had stolen a dozen pies from his kitchen about eleven o'clock a bow-backed colored man came in the alley, took a position near a window, and then took a stick of wood on each shoulder and started off.

"Hi-ye! you, you thief!" cried the citizen, as he dashed out.

"Do you bet—so you kin," replied the man, as he let the wood drop "but just wait a leetle afore you fire off any pistols. Does you know what I was gwine to do when I got home?"

"Yes, I do! You were stealing it!"

"Dem likes I fought you'd say, sar, but dar's what' ye hurts de feelin's de most. I was 'bout to de fockaw 'bout dis bindin' ober in my back, an' he hits me to walk up an' down de alley wid a load on bof shoulders. I was 'bout ready de wood to carry out dat medical advice, sah, an' I was charges anyding I kin pay de cash right down."

The citizen said he thought he could cure the bending error, but he can't be positive whether he made any improvement or not, as the man broke away after the fourth kick and galloped down the alley like a barrel of sand rolling down hill.

—Printers' Circular: The siren-voiced life insurance agent, who, in the piping days of infection, boggled the thoroughfare, has made his fortune and retired. But his victims still dredge wearily along on the tiresome pathway of annual premiums, only stopping now and then to breathe an inward wish that they had the hired hander their right arm and his nose in chancery.

IS THIS A TRUE STORY?

Certain Modern Fashionable Marriages Described.

New York Correspondence San Francisco Post.

Our wedding-bells within the past year are unusually magnificent. A notable character-istic, and one which never occurred in such large numbers before, is the marrying into young men without fortunes by rich papas of pretty girls. One of our wealthy families has broken a ten-it-law record by the recent handsome, sweet, and with the love-blest of hands and feet, and he admits to the family worship in the most stylish manner, while the pretty new wife admits frankly that she cannot distinguish in her own little mind really to whom she is praying when dear Erskine's dulcetest voice is reading the service. She finds herself so much pride in his eldest household goose and lapped as she does in her own fresh bonnets and gloves. The only unpleasantness which she has suffered in her brief wedded career (five weeks in all, counting the day of her bridal) was when she stooped to add lace to the thin lines sombric which falls so sweetly from his manly chin while he is performing morning and evening service. Until the bishop provides him with a situation in church, he still spends his time practising latest organ selections upon the organ, though he says riding with his wife, and his father-in-law is to give them a pair of horses in the fall. When asked by one of his chums at the theological seminary if he did not anticipate unpleasant complications between his wife and his God, he replied with becoming dignity and discretion that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and that he had reason to believe that there was no position of effort in this city to be had without its fatigue.

"It is just the situation I wanted," exclaimed a young person who had secured a position as saleswoman in a large dry-goods store. "I am tired of changes. One has no chance of becoming attached to an employer when the prospect of change is always before one. I like to feel that I indulge himself in a bit of fun now and then. It is different with a wife. She forgives everything, if a man wear himself deliciously and in abundance, and she is not a fool. Not but that he has had occasion to find fault with me in the check book. But that can't be helped legally in this country of too much consideration for women. I am sure I shall get on better in the different with me. I say this in confidence, because my new relations believe me to be a model young woman, and I am careful to say nothing out limits that I would like to enter business with. I have no idea of it, nor would be permitted to become a subordinate in any establishment again. Family pride, you see, forbids that. I may get a place in the fitting and family discretion, I am inclined to believe, hinders the parental purse from setting me up in trade, although he was actually in the same old home again.

A week passed away. The miller reposed beside his father (the poor old man who had been so ambitious for the future of his only child!) and all signs of the mill had put on their wonted appearance, when one day the family were alarmed by the reappearance of Maitland, who, in the same brusque manner as of old, demanded admittance to Bunting.

The women were terrified at the well-known sound of his hated voice.

"Oh! brother, hide yourself," cried the assisted Lucy. "That man is your bitter enemy, and he has been the cause of all our misery! Oh! hide yourself where he cannot find you?"

"I should be an arrant coward if I did that, sister. What is the use to me that I should fear him?" And, as he spoke, Philip left the room and went to the door to meet the unwelcome guest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIENTAL IDEA OF GIFTS

Among Oriental presents are not made to persons of rank and wealth for their intrinsic value, but either as a means of gaining admittance to the great personage, in order to sue for favor, or as a concession to his rank. So little are such presents valued by the wealthy monarch, that it is said, that in the majority of cases only a catalogue of their names and value is read before the throne, and the presents themselves never meet the royal eyes, but are distributed in the harems and to the subordinates of the household. The presentations are in favor of any foreign or very curious article, which in such cases he commands to be brought into his presence. The usual questions and remarks thus elicited are odd enough to Western ears; for, asked as are Oriental monarchs with regard to their acquisitions, we have seen more than one of them thrown into ecstasies at the sight of some simple piece of mechanism, solely because it was foreign, and had come a great distance.

The Shah's most valued on the Siamese throne previous to the last long evinced such eagerness to inspect the first pair of foreign eye-glasses he had ever seen, as to prove that ladies are not the sole monopolists of the article of curiosity on record. When European ladies first began to attend his levees he showed so great anxiety to examine their dresses and ornaments as to draw a child to obtain inspection of the last new toy. When one of the King's fair visitors presented him with a silver frutt-knife, the old man of seventy forgot all the dignity of age and his infirmities, and clapped his hands with as much juvenile compressment as ever did boyish delight on gaining the possession of a new riding-horse or miniature pair of spurs; and this, too, while whole dishes of gold and silver plate of every possible form thronged his gorgeous palace dining-room.

But such instances are the exception; as a general rule, royal presents seldom meet the royal eyes. The requirements of courtly etiquette having been complied with, the presentation, the monarch feels no further interest in the matter, and even omits to inquire what was their ultimate destination. Even when a friendly visit is paid to a king by invitation, it is considered indecorous to offer anything in the form of a present. It is then the monarch's turn to bestow gifts on his guest, which he sometimes does in the most unselect fashion, especially on his favorites. Yet even those who are thus remixed, and "whom the king delighteth to honor," are not to be left to himself, are expected, when asking an audience for their own personal benefit, to put empty-handed into the presence of royalty.

If the visitor have a boon to crave, the present must be of a corresponding to the dignity or value of the favor sought, not to purchase the monarch's good will, but to evince the petitioner's estimation of the great power and position of him at the foot of whose throne the humble suppliant is laid, and to show the life-rity of appearing uninvited before the royal presence. This is but a modification of the old Persian law, that no one should enter into the presence of the monarch unbidden, unless the golden sceptre was held out to bid the supplicant approach, and, whatever may be the petition pending, or rather government matters to arrange with royalty, all are expected to bring a fresh present every time they seek an interview with the monarch in person; nor can they succeed in their object without sending in the offering that is to prepare the way.

Medical Advice.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A night or two since a citizen of Charlotte avenue, who has six girls in his alley, concluded to sit up for a few hours and see if he could detect the person or persons who had stolen a dozen pies from his kitchen about eleven o'clock a bow-backed colored man came in the alley, took a position near a window, and then took a stick of wood on each shoulder and started off.

"Hi-ye! you, you thief!" cried the citizen, as he dashed out.

"Do you bet—so you kin," replied the man, as he let the wood drop "but just wait a leetle afore you fire off any pistols. Does you know what I was gwine to do when I got home?"

"Yes, I do! You were stealing it!"

"Dem likes I fought you'd say, sar, but dar's what' ye hurts de feelin's de most. I was 'bout to de fockaw 'bout dis bindin' ober in my back, an' he hits me to walk up an' down de alley wid a load on bof shoulders. I was 'bout ready de wood to carry out dat medical advice, sah, an' I was charges anyding I kin pay de cash right down."

The citizen said he thought he could cure the bending error, but he can't be positive whether he made any improvement or not, as the man broke away after the fourth kick and galloped down the alley like a barrel of sand rolling down hill.

—Printers' Circular: The siren-voiced life insurance agent, who, in the piping days of infection, boggled the thoroughfare, has made his fortune and retired. But his victims still dredge wearily along on the tiresome pathway of annual premiums, only stopping now and then to breathe an inward wish that they had the hired hander their right arm and his nose in chancery.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PARIS FASHIONS.—In Cannes, a boat-maker's shop, the English tourist may find the following inscription in his own language: "Repairs hang with stage-coach." After long and anxious thought he may arrive at the cobbler's meaning, who only wished to inform his numerous patrons across "Le Manche" that repairs were executed with diligence.

COFFEE.—In Somaten and Jamaica coffee leaves are prepared in a manner similar to the leaves of the tea plant, and are used for the purposes of a beverage. In Arabia the bushes which surrounds the coffee-berry is also utilized, and is known by the name of kishr. A decoction is made of the dried husks, or kishr, and with the addition of a few broiled cardamoms, and a little dried cinnamon or ginger, a most agreeable beverage is prepared.

"A SURE SIGN OF A VISITOR."—In West Cornwall a tea-leaf floating in a cup is considered "a sure sign of a visitor." If two or more leaves float, then there will be two or more visitors. If the leaf is hard, the visitor will be a male; if soft, a female. If the leaf floats upon the top of the cup, is placed on the back of the left hand, and struck with the lower side of the right hand, the visitor requested or each one to say "Monday," "Tuesday," etc. The day the name of which is repeated when first the leaf is struck with the right hand is that on which the visitor may be expected.

SAMUEL ARMSTRONG.—D. H. Armstrong, the new United States minister to Siam, is a Son to Gen. Sam'l Armstrong, of Tennessee, and a Nephew to Gen. Thos. H. Armstrong, of Kentucky.

EGYPTIAN YOUNG LADIES.—The daughters of Egyptian families are kept at home as long as possible, as it is considered a misfortune to marry them at least till they reach fifteen, but this advanced age is attributed to their ingloriously-secluded mode of life.

A QUEEN MAY.—Queen May was Ephraim Martin, of Sutton, New Hampshire. He left $200, which was increased to $1,000 by the will of his son, to his daughter "four of the best hedgehogs on his mountain lot," to be laid down, five dollars if he ever found them on the Sabbath day. He has a second son, $10,000.

THE LATE JOHN TAYLOR

I WOULD NOT, IF I COULD!

I would not die my past
To have it blotted out;
I would not live it over
With added strength, without a doubt;
Nor lose it, for
In the dreaming hours it will not let me,
Or lessons that should not let.

Yet I can look before,
And profit by the lessons learned
In childhood's fleeting years behind me,
Where the sun burned,
Where love grew.

I would not, if I could,
Have ever spent this short, uncertain life-
This oblique journey through this shady curve
Of reaching what goal.

And yet I can know how work
Can all before, and so count time well;
Can know how to reach from I see,
And thus to me will speak:

I would not open out
The half-formed seconds of others' years long fled;
Prove better they were numbered with the dead
Than living now.

Yet I can truly say,
Let the dead past bury its dead.
So its worthy actions may live on,
And then, there is no day!

Life is too short to waste
In vain repinings or in weak regrets;
Nor dare we pause to question of other feets
Or say it may not taste.

And he who can go on
Bravely with the allotted way,
Gaining new strength with every darkened ray,
Not only runs, but flies.

And so I would not lift
Up from the past the shadows of my past,
The clouds that all my sky once overcast
Are bright and silvered.

For there's courage to fill
Each hour and moment of the days to come
From whomever runs the shadows to our home!
No valleys to our hill!

THEODORA.

His Lisle was thought to be a wealthy man, but in settling up his affairs, after his death, there was found to be a mere pittance left for his widow and family.

Mrs. Lisle was a lady of culture and refinement, and had been used to a life of ease, supplying her own wants, much less to provide for the necessities of a family.

Poverty is a stern teacher, but it often develops a power of bringing out some unsuspected talent, which shines forth in dimmed but brightness, even as the sweet gem only shows its splendor after it has been subjected to the jeweler's art.

So it was with Mrs. Lisle. She had spent years upon the continent, and now in this time of need she drew upon the store of memory, and depicted in terse but vigorous language scenes of the various and affluent touching incidents which had attracted her notice in her travels.

Her efforts were rewarded with success, but years were passing, and her marriage fell short of the sum which would have supported them in comfort. Her eldest daughter, Theodora, watched the lines of care as they gradually deepened on her mother's brow, and she made up her mind that she could and would help her.

So, one morning, while Mrs. Lisle was busily engaged in copying a manuscript upon which depended study living expenses for the week, Theodora came to her side and said, prefacing her words with a kiss—

"Mamma, can you listen a moment? I have a plan."

"I'm dear, but tell me quickly, for this article must go to-day without fail."

Theodora knelt by her mother's side, and took her hand caressingly.

"Now, mamma, you mustn't say no. Remember, whatever I may do, the 'blue blood' still runs in my veins."

"You must be thinking of something very serious, Theodora, you prepare the way so carefully."

"It is just this, mamma. You remember I have been a member of the 'Entre Nous' society for several years, and I have come to be useful one now—that is, to myself—instead of one of those who 'toil not, neither do they spin.' In plain English, I want to apply for the position of pianist. They pay two shillings an evening, and that sum would be a great help to the Lisle exchequer."

Her manner was playful, but an intense earnestness was evidently underlying it. Her sister Clara's expression showed evident disapproval of the plan.

"Theodora," she exclaimed, "are you in earnest? What would Clifford Marsden say? You know he is expected to arrive home every day."

A faint blush stole over Theodora's face at her sister's words, but she said—

"It must ask—but it will not differently, even if my best friend should disapprove. I feel guilty to lead such an idle life, and see our mother wearing herself out in this weary struggle for bread. I am sure it is my duty, and I am positively forbidden by you, mamma."

"But think of it, Theodora, the girls of 'our set' would, maybe, cut you."

Theodora replied with a dignity which silenced Clara.

"My mother's comfort is more precious to me than the loss of friendship which makes no sacrifice. May I write to the managers of the festivals, mamma?"

"Act as you think best, my dear, only take time to think well of it before you decide. I know that you will always endeavor to do what is right."

The mother's eyes had a wistful tenderness in their expression, as they rested upon Theodora's face.

"Thanks, mamma," was the cheerful answer. "I have thought of it days and days. I only feared to speak of it lest you would disapprove."

* * * * * * *

It was the evening of the first Sociable. Dr. Arnold's drawing-room was fragrant with flowers and brilliant with light. In a deep alcove stood the piano, and the one called from view by tall tropical plants which had been brought from the conservatory for that purpose. The rooms were filling rapidly, when the music commenced in a soft, weird prelude, which soon held the gay throng in charmed attention.

After a time it merged into Strauss' beautiful waltz-music, and the German band, and a group of young people were threading its graceful mazes.

Clifford Marsden had arrived in the last steamer, and had taken his friends by surprise by appearing among them. He excused himself from dancing on the plea of fatigue, and stood watching the changing scene.

He had taken his station by the piano in a position where he could see the fair faces of a blossoming sextet, he could see the musician seated at the piano, with her back towards the guests. The slight, graceful figure, the proud poise of her head upon the music-stool, and the abundant hair bound simply about her head, all formed an attractive picture.

For some time he had watched her while fingers flew over the keys, but before the sought a glimpse of her face he was surrounded by a merry circle of girls, who commenced to rally him upon his abstraction. So he did not see the musician as the young musician who held so strangely interested him.

After a while the guests, or rather several of them, adjourned to the music-room; and, when Clifford Marsden turned, he was still surrounded by a group of young ladies, and, though he listened to the soft voice of a lady who was singing a plaintive ballad, he could not understand with the brilliant, fashionably-dressed woman who had so interested him. Then he turned to his friends' daughters, who were now gathering about him, and for the time he forgot the musician.

Later in the evening a group of young people were assembled in the drawing-room to put on their wraps. They were chatting about the events of the evening.

"Is not Clifford Marsden improved?" said Susan Dinsmore. "He always was nice, but now he is perfectly angelic."

"I give you fair warning, Mamie Livingstone; I shall contest the supremacy with you next time. You had the monopoly of him this evening. Ain't fair to share, you know."

Mamie tossed her pretty head, and said, disdainfully—

"You are welcome to him. Such an absent-minded, stupid wretch never fell to my lot before."

"Where were you at supper-time? I missed you from the dining-room," asked Allie Durant.

"Mr. Marsden brought me an ice, and we made believe that that giant acacia was a rural bower, but even that did not make him thaw, though I did my best to captivate him."

"I wonder if he has ever been presided at the piano. Did he glance that way?"

"No, not he; he stood like a statue, gazing into futurity. It's a shame that such a handsome specimen of the 'genus homo' should be so stupid."

"He must have changed, then. Maybe he was disappointed at not meeting Miss Lisle. Report says he was hard hit in that direction before he went abroad."

"Hard hit!" said Allie Durant. "Susan, I'm ashamed of you! Of whom do you take liesons?"

Susan was Allie's cousin and took the reproof good naturedly. Making a deep curtsy to Allie, she answered—

"I have learned that purely classical phrase from my respected cousin, Mr. Minton Durant. He acquired it most gracefully in the fastidious society of his club."

At this moment Theodora appeared at the door, and her friends clustered around her.

"You dear, brave darling!"

"You naughty little girl, to keep yourself so completely out of sight."

"Are those tender fingers completely worn out?" and other similar exclamations saluted the ears of the few strangers present as they viewed the scene.

Theodora was white as Parian marble, and a repressed agony showed at her sensitive lips told of mental suffering. She had left her position at the piano, thinking the parlors deserted, but as she came forth into the glow of light she found herself face to face with him whose whispered words had once made her heart's sweetest music.

Instead of hastening to meet her he had stood like one in a dream. Theodora understood the change in mien, demeanor of the past, and, without glancing at him again, drew her slight figure to its utmost height, and with more of the dignity of her proudest days, swept by him and ascended up the broad stairway. This was their meeting.

And it was for her sweet sake that Clifford Marsden had thrown off the fatigue of travel, thinking that one evening of his little hand would bring him rest, even in the midst of the fashionable throng.

But a trifle light as air had separated them. A word of explanation countered, and a veil of doubt and mistrust was woven out of materials as impalpable as the mist, yet perhaps as enduring as time itself.

The understanding between them in the old time had not been ratified by an engagement, as they had not corresponded, and Clifford had received but meagre news from home. So he was still to hear of the Lisle's reverses.

After this disappointing meeting, the first evening of Theodora's experiment, her life went on shaded by this new sorrow, but made endurable by a cycle of faithfully performed duties.

* * * * * * *

It was Sunday. The soft rustle of dresses and the sound of entering feet had ceased. The last note of the organ voluntary was trembling upon the air when a tall, handsome stranger was seen to walk up the aisle. "I know that my lie doomer liveth."

With one impulse the congregation rose and stood spell-bound, while the pure, young voice poured forth this wonderful song.

After the services were ended and the crowd of worshippers emerged into the open air, there were many inquiries as to the identity of the newly-engaged soprano.

One member of the church had no need to inquire. He well knew the voice as one whose rich tones had charmed his heart from his spring in by gone days, and each note as it rung out in that sacred place, seemed to reawaken hope's sweet music in his soul as he resolved to make another effort to break through the barrier that had arisen between Theodora and himself.

He had found out her place of residence, and had called several times without being able to explain the matter. This morning he had hoped that he had at last concluded Theodora did not wish to see him, and chose this method of showing her indifference. He had tried to bank her from him, but not to vain.

Since his return poor Theodora had fought a hard battle with her wayward heart. The mere mention of his name would send the color and tingling through her veins tumultuously. She knew that she loved him, but she had succeeded in keeping her mother and sister in ignorance of her weakness.

One day she was seated at the piano, ostensibly practising, but the listless manner in which she touched the keys betrayed a mind preoccupied.

She startled as Clara entered the room suddenly with a note for her. In direction was in a familiar hand, which in former days she had often seen on cards attached to baskets of flowers.

Her heart throbbed violently as she broke the seal and read—

THEODORA.—Will you grant me an interview, that I may learn why I am denied your friendship? If any misunderstanding has arisen between us, it is my due that I may explain it. Since my return I have learned that I lost all interest in one whose whole future will be made or marred by his place in your esteem. I have come to be in a state of the truth of love. I will call at eleven o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday) morning, and if you do not see me, I shall know that you are unworthy, and will spare you the pain of ever again meeting.

CLIFFORD MARSDEN."

If the young lover could have seen the kisses lavished upon his note, he would have been spared the long hours of doubt that intervened between its reception and the time of the appointed interview.

The next morning Theodora was awaiting her lover. As she heard his approaching footsteps the alternate flushing and paling of her cheeks betrayed her agitation.

She arose as Clifford entered. One moment her fingers trembled in his clasp as eye met eye in a long, heart-revealing gaze—the next she was folded to his breast.

"My own darling Theodora!" he murmured. The talisman of silence, for a few brief, sacred moments, consecrated the room; then mutual explanations, sweet to the long-divided lovers, took place.

After a time Clifford drew Theodora to the piano, and said—

"It was hearing your voice in that glorious anthem which gave me courage to make one more attempt to see you. A voice said to me as I listened—'Theodora loves you! It was my good angel; don't you think so, dearest?"

Theodora answered by raising herself at the side and singing that touching song—"I will sing my ain hame," as quickly as a maiden should who can answer and understand every word, and joy and faith blend their glow in her happy heart.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE SYMOLOGY OF WORDS — REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS — QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REDE.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri simulatio et dissimulatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

(CONTINUED.)

L.

LOUDOUN.

"An ingenious Loudoun" has taken out a patent for tipping cigars with an ignitible composition, capable of being fired by friction, so that when a smoker wishes to light a cigar he has only to bite the end of it against any hard substance."—Exchange paper.

It is a very old contrivance. An ingenious cigar dealer in this place made cigars that exploded twenty years ago, and, in fact, they were the means of the democratic party be re-elected by the Democrats. The cigars were called Loudoun, and on the occasion of a split among the Democrats, when one faction attempted to defeat the other in Tammany Hall, one of the Loudoun cigars, the darkened party suddenly re-illuminated the Hall by means of their incendiary, and the next morning the papers called them loudoun, for the name was not then very well known, in duration. So the term stuck, and though it was at first only intended for a firebrand of the party, it soon became a slang denomination for all sorts of Democrats, and so spread all over the country.

LOG BOOK.

Cuthbert Bedrod, or the wood memorial of the bards, is what they formerly used to cut their memorandums upon with a knife, and was changed to stick, nack, and the Staffordshire clogs or log, spoke of by Dr. Plot in his Natural History of Staffordshire, Hence originated the log of a ship, as used by the sailors. There lies similar thing called a talley, or a piece of wood cut with indentures or notches, in two corresponding halves, one of which was kept by the debtor, and the other by the creditor, as was formerly the common way of keeping all accounts. Hence the tally-office and letters of the exchequer in London, from the word telae to peg or hang. And the French tailla, the bread-bakers use the tailey still, and find it useful and convenient.

LYNCH LAW.

James Lynch was Mayor of Galway in 1472. He had made several voyages to Spain, and on one occasion brought home with him the son of a respectable Spanish merchant named Gomez. Walter Lynch, the only son of the Mayor of Galway, was engaged to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his friend Gomez with favor too much regard. He accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness, and, being chief magistrate of the town, entrusted with the power of life and death, found himself obliged to condemn his son to death. He ordered his execution to take place in front of the house, and to be hanged by the neck with his own silken scarf. The mayor's heart was broken, however, when the time arrived for the execution, and no one could be found to perform the office. At length his own servant undertook the painful duty, and the young man was hanged. The mayor survived his son only a few months, and died of a broken heart. Gomez married Agnes, and lived happily with her for many years. The story was long remembered in the town, and was handed down by tradition from generation to generation, till it became the law of the land, and was known as Lynch Law.

The first "Lynch Law" having become incorporated into our language with a well defined signification, its true origin naturally becomes a matter of history, if not of interest; for without the story we cannot the following, which, if not sound, is at least novel.

Sir Edmund Andrews was for some time previous to the revolution of 1688 the tyrant Governor appointed by his master, King James, over several of the New England provinces. He was overthrown the people of Massachusetts elected Governor Bradstreet President, without authority from King or Parliament. Bradstreet's monument are inscribed these Latin words

"Vir judicio Lynceus perspicax,"

which, without knowledge of the original, may be fairly translated, 'A magistrate clothed with Lynch Law.'

M.

MACHIAVELIAN.

From the French, machiavelin, a term applied to cunning and duplicity. The character it was thus intended to express, and, comparatively speaking, there is no other nugatory title to it. Clarke, vol. I, sec. 83.

Machiavel the Italian was the first King of England who assumed this title. Before his reign, the kings were addressed as "My Liege" or "My Lord." Hence came, "High and Mighty Princes," all titles of dignity, signifying the same. Machiavel died on the 22nd day of November, 1509, at the time of the union of Ireland with England, and to commemorate the event, and to show that he was the first George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King Defender of the Faith, and the Emperor of England and Ireland, to exalt the Supreme Head.

MANNA.

Nature is the author of this dear and emphatic word, since all tribute of all nations began to speak of it. Manna is the name of a thing of appearance, since, being in fact formed entirely by the companion of the life.

"Manna in her mother lives
In many lives; through many a nerve she feels;
Through many a heart she throbs, through many eyes
Forever wandering, yet forever fixed.
Next dear friend before Heaven."

Or, in the authority of Scripture—

"Omnibus primogenum in terris fiant, in cœlo deficiantur."

The cause of Adam, Isaac and Jacob, &c., are appealed to in proof of the correctness of the sentiment.

There is another version of the German proverb:

"Die Eben werden im Himmel geschlossen."

"The Even are engaged in Heaven."

I have been wont to think the saying owed its origin to the custom of our Lord Jesus Matt. xix. 6.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

But I perceive that a similar notion prevails in China, as Davis relates. A little book on the Chinese, by Rev. T. Phillips, says (p. 73):

"From the first betrothal, we say that those connected in previous existence become united in this, the Chinese have borrowed the notion that marriage is a matter of destiny. A certain man, whose duty style You loue, the old man of the moon, unites with a silken cord all predestined couple; after which, nothing can prevent their union."

Perhaps the manifest importance of the marriage contract very early led to its being invested with a sacred character in the minds of mankind and under the special direction and ordination of the Divine Being.

MARSEILLES HYMN—ORIGIN OF.

The Marseillie presents none of the song of glory and the shrine of the Virgin, but is a war cry, fierce like the otter, it assures the country while it makes the citizens turn pale. This is its history. There was then in the year 1792, the French revolution, 1790, a young officer of the artillery, in the garrison of Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lons le Saulnier, in the Jura, a country of severity and energy as mountainous countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow dull garrison life, and was a great favorite with his brother officers. Rouget de Lisle, when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Diedrich Iserlade, the gain-seigneur added to them.

Plenty is not seen at our feasts, but what matter, if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic feste, and courage in the attack, as there is always a bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Rouget de Lisle had to have a patriotic revenge, and De Lisle must be inspired to produce one of those hymns which convey to the souls of the people the enthusiasm which has dictated it."

They drank—De Lisle was a dreamer—his heart was moved, his head was weak, he went staggering to his chamber, endeavoring by degrees, to find inspiration in the palpitation of his citizen heart, when his ears heard loud voices composing the air before the words, now the words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never talk with them apart. Indeed, the air or words, so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the inspiration. He sang, excepting with the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the inspiration. He sang, excepting with the words, Overcome by the divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory, with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down and gave it to Pietch, who called together some musicians who were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. De Lisle sang the air. Pietch began to have a patriotic revenge, and De Lisle must be inspired to produce one of those hymns which convey to the souls of the people the enthusiasm which has dictated it."

The first rehearsal took place in the evening of the 26th of April, 1792. The song of glory and the shrine of the Virgin, but is a war cry, fierce like the otter, it assures the country while it makes the citizens turn pale. This is its history. There was then in the year 1792, the French revolution, 1790, a young officer of the artillery, in the garrison of Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lons le Saulnier, in the Jura, a country of severity and energy as mountainous countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow dull garrison life, and was a great favorite with his brother officers. Rouget de Lisle, when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Diedrich Iserlade, the gain-seigneur added to them.

Plenty is not seen at our feasts, but what matter, if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic feste, and courage in the attack, as there is always a bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Rouget de Lisle had to have a patriotic revenge, and De Lisle must be inspired to produce one of those hymns which convey to the souls of the people the enthusiasm which has dictated it."

They drank—De Lisle was a dreamer—his heart was moved, his head was weak, he went staggering to his chamber, endeavoring by degrees, to find inspiration in the palpitation of his citizen heart, when his ears heard loud voices composing the air before the words, now the words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never talk with them apart. Indeed, the air or